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The Funny Magzin of India

EDITOR: R. BALASUNDARAM, B.A., L.T.
OF "DOODLE."

1975

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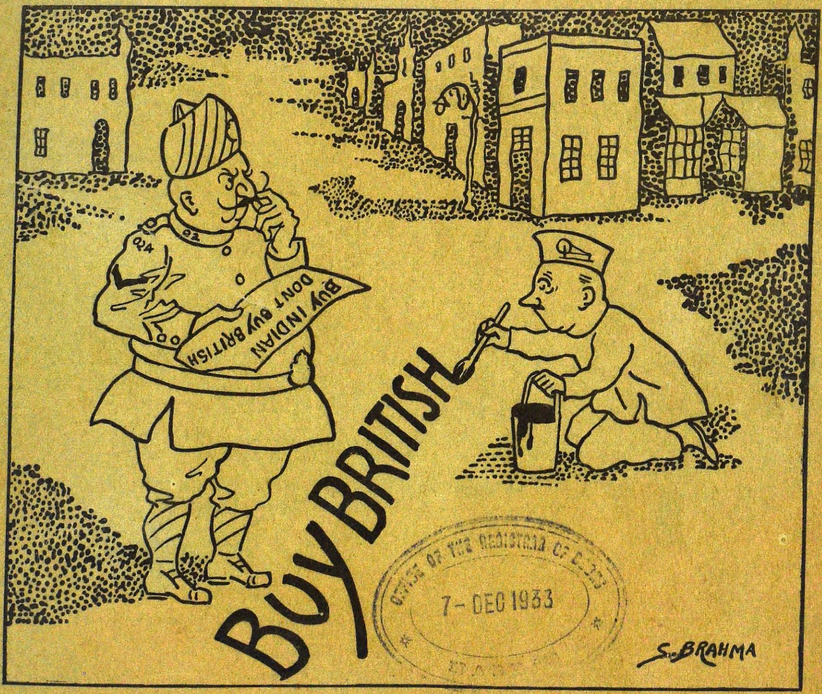

His Dilemma: "To Arrest or Not to Arrest?"

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PUBLISHED ON THE 5th & 20th OF EVERY MONTH.

Vol I. | MADRAS, 5th NOVEMBER, 1933. | No. 7

7-DEC 1933

Tiny Tots:

Friends forgive; parents forget.

* * * *

If you can't make a mistake, you can't make anything.

* * * *

Idle tongues cause no loss.

* * * *

Man makes life possible; Woman makes it probable.

* * * *

You marry a girl to live with a woman.

* * * *

Failure is the ladder to success—not always though.

* * * *

When a rich husband loves his wife, he stones her—with gems.

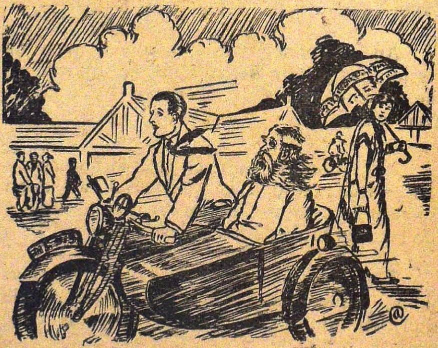
* * * *

To take things as they come, is good: better still is to go after them.

* * * *

Display your wound only to a physician.

Youth vs. Age.



Youth: What a glorious—

Age: What is glorious, Sonny?

Youth: I—I—mean the weather!

196918
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BHAI FUNZIN'S FORTNIGHTLY COCKTAIL.

A pair kissed for three hours and over; but many a lass and lad can break that record if only they get the chance.

* * *

Rs. 80 for three minutes' chat on the Overseas Phone. Calculated it comes to Rs. 16,480 for a short chat about Equality of Women, by Dr. Muthulaxmi Reddy.

* * *

"Tributes to the Founder," is the headline of the Convocation Address in the Annamalai University : Not a Convocation Address without the puja to the Founder!

* * *

"Free Loans to the Really needy Act" is the next bill which Mr. Basudev is likely to move. A Daniel come to payment.

* * *

Young Congressites object to non-Congress use of Madras Congress House. Will Mr. Satyamurti use the police against them?

* * *

Thanks to good luck, Hitler cannot arrest Journalists outside Germany. Else, where would be most of the kinghts of pen and paper?

* * *

An enterprising young man has given up his job: he means to make his pile by winning the fabulous prizes now offered by journals everywhere.

* * *

Mr. Ghose, a young Bengali swimmer has broken the record it is said. But we don't rejoice; because we know what it is to replace the records broken by urchins at home.

* * *

The Commissioner of Police has, at public request, stopped gramophone music in private homes after 10 p.m. May his tribe increase.

* * *

Mr. G. A. Natesan has done the next best thing. He has given a tea-party to the members of the Indian Tariff Board, if nobody will give him one on his translation to the Tariff Board from the Council of State.

Kumara Raja Muthiah Chettyar, before laying down the mace of mayoralty, is preparing a list of his public services to the City. His excellent Garden Party to H. E. and the 435 Addressess of Congratulation and 675 sittings among group photos being among them we are sure.

* * *

Special Detectives are to watch the 2,000 weddings that are to come off near Rome, lest wrong parties are united in the confusion.

This mass-marriage takes place under the Mussolini matrimonial mandate.

• • • •

Sir T. Desikachari bemoans "the dearth of cultured man-power with interest in the rehabilitation of the agriculturist." Sir Chari is not the first knight to champion the cause of the agriculturist, nor the first guide to direct the graduate landward.

* * *

"Decay of villages" is a handy cry. But Sir M. Visveswaraya's address on Village Reconstruction in Mysore does not invoke the aid of starving graduates for the umptieth time as Sir Chari does

* * *

The "Hindu" says Sir Chari's Address, is a thoughtful one, and hopes it will be read with profit: The Hindu is an honourable organ.

* * *

"Banks create wealth," we are told. That means we shall be overflowing with wealth from the rapidity with which new Banks are opened.

* * *

"Rat-fall in Bangalore Court." It was the mischief of the dead rat itself! Not of any of the advocates of the court.

* * *

Two Christian Candidates for the Madras Mayoralty: Mr. W. W. Laddon and Mr. V. Chakkarai. Would Mr. Chakkarai sportingly retire in favour of Mr. Laddon at the last moment out of true Christian hospitality and as a quondam Swarajist, and to bring out a graceful and unanimous election?

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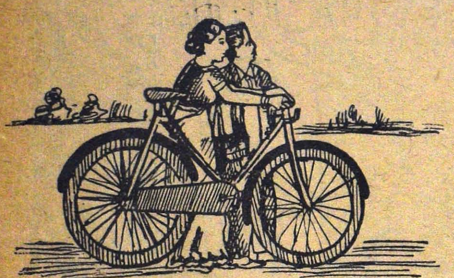
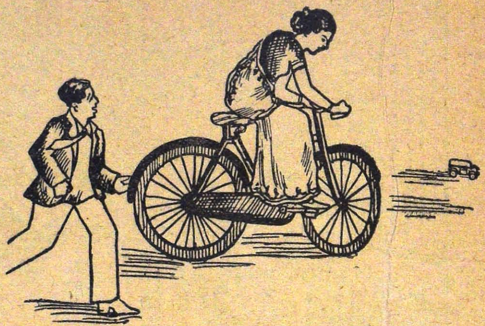
LALITHA LEARNS CYCLING.

Taught by her Hubby Hariram.

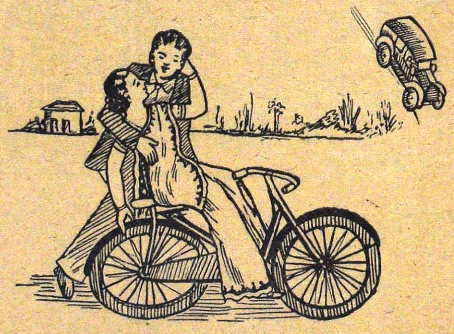


Ram, [dear,] I must learn cycling—so many girls cycle.

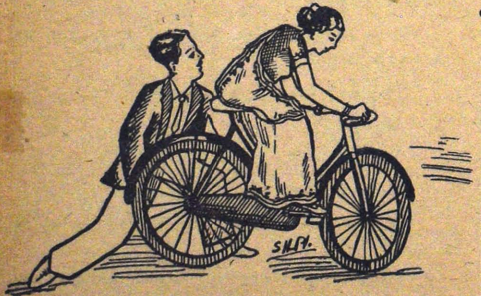


Though—hullo, what is that, dear Ram?

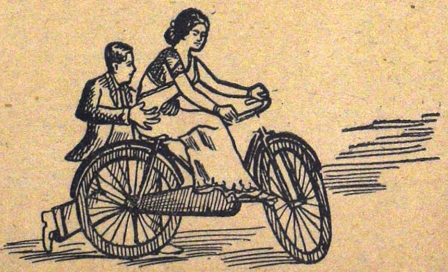
Only teach me a bit and I can—



Ah me, I am gone, crushed by car, how cruel to desert me?

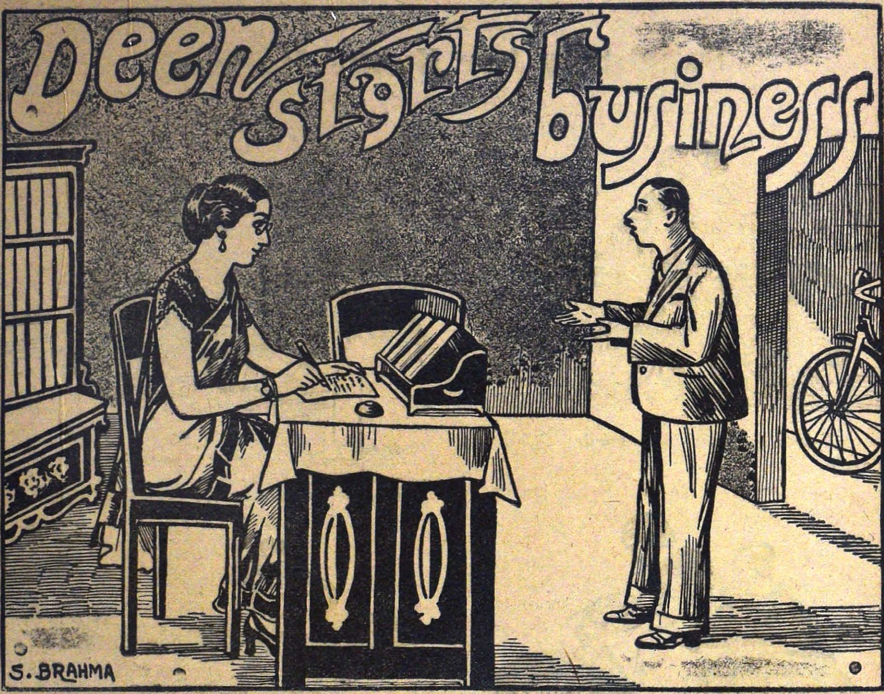


—myself get along: You know I am plucky.



Ah, come along with me, while I cycle myself.

Dunderhead Deene's No. II.



("Deene Starts for London" was the first one which introduced us to Deene or "Dunderhead Deene" as he is called. The Sparkling Sketch about Deene Starting for London appeared in the first Issue of the "Funny.")

"Speaking of women," began Dunderhead Deene, just after the manner of that inimitable raconteur, the Night Watchman of W. W. Jacobs, who began with his memorable "Speaking of money."

"Speaking of women," began Deene, when we were chatting about the drives of some of our girlie stars of the tennis firmament, "their drives are quite good; provided they don't drive us into matrimony."

That was something too good to fall from Deene. In fact, he was quite serious, if not almost metaphysical or something as learned as that.

"What if they do?" asked Dindim, as he pulled out his "rette" from his lips.

"Why, my dear fellow," answered Deene, "if you can follow up the line of argument, I am going to get wedded."

"Dunder, Deene, Deene, you are too acute for us What is the matter with you to-day?" chorused quite a quarter dozen voices.

"I can only give you facts; I cannot give you brains, good fellows."

"Pray don't, Deene," put in Ragho.

"Why not?"

"You can't."

All of us laughed.

Deene is a good soul, of course, assuming he has one. He too laughed.

"Deene, if you are getting into the market—I mean, matrimonial, anything we can do for you?"

That chap, Rocky, generally silent like a stone sphinx started, "Deene, why in the world did you strike on marriage, so suddenly too?"

"No, no, Rocky, you don't see the point. I go to mother and I say I don't want to be idling away life. She says, 'Deene, Sonny, nobody can advise you. You don't want to idle; go to the devil; he never keeps idle, they say.' And I ask, 'Where is the devil, mother?' 'Why, Deene, get married and see the fun.'"

"Hurrah, Deene, you enter matrimony to meet the busy d......... Is that so?"

"Not exactly like that. I took mother at her word. And I gave the matter some decent thought."

"How did you manage that?"

"A full tin of rettes' and two pots of tea, Chakko," answered Deene.

"What came out of it?"

"I went straight to Komala."

"But your mother directed to—" put in Dindim.

"Dindim, she asked me to get wed and see the fun. Now, Komala is a good girl, I am sure."

"Why so sure?"

"You are a pack of fools, I tell you," said Deene, opening out his honest heart, "if I remember right, you fellows used to chat so much about Komala as she cycles along. She carries so many books; no matter if I didn't attach much value to these Exams. She seems to. Tall, slim, educated-looking sort of thing—the sort of girl that eats so little in the morning and is laid up with head-ache in the evening—and in between she has a dry cough for the rest of the day. That looks like an educated sort of young woman."

"Very good, Deene."

"You know my method, boys, I went straight to her room. She was studying. I stood before her. She was quite surprised—if not shocked. What did I mean? What did I want? She did not ask: She looked all that and more of confusion and even anger."

"Excellent, Deene."

"You are a honest brick."

"Then she asks: What do you want? 'I say, 'Komala, I have a very good opinion of you. In fact, all of us have; 'All of whom?' she asks, 'Why, Komala, can't you see it is all of the tennis chaps? You daily pass by our court, and we all of us, Dindim, Rocky, Ragho and the rest of them, all of us talk about you. You look like an educated lady. Now, to be brief, I want to marry you' She smiles, so nicely too, Komala asks, 'Why marry?' I said, 'That is what mother says. I love mother, Komala. I appeal to her. I can't be idle, I tell her. She says, get married and see the fun. Well, I have come straight to you."

"Ah, Deene, candour cannot go further," we all cry.

"She laughs as honestly too, and she asks me, 'Have you no business?' I say, 'I haven't."

'Ah, I see,' she smiles, so gracefully too, and says 'I know you, Mr. Deene, you are the son of the late Rai Saheb Jayagram. My father used to tell us about him. Now, why don't you start a business?' I ask 'Komala, tell me if that would help me.' 'Oh, Surely, go straightway and start business' she says. There you are".

"What are you going to do, then?" asked Rocky.

"Why, Rocky, where is the option for me? I s'pose I have got to start business. That is what Komala wants," answered Deene.

"If you start business, why do you want Komala for?" asked Ragho.

"It is because I am starting it."

"Then why do you want the business?"

"Because Komala wants me to," answered Deene with the air of one who has actually proved the Vth Proposition of Euclid.

That clinched the whole matter.

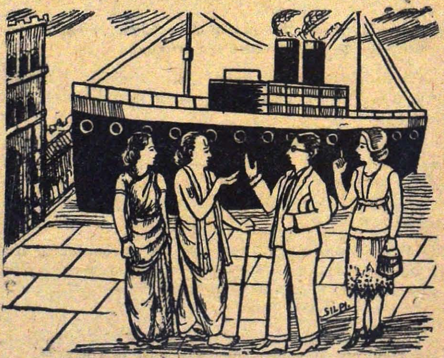
"Hurrah for Deene's business," and Deene stood a round of orange crush.

"Hurrah for Miss Komala, Deene's bride;" a plate of almonds fried all round.

"Hurrah for Deene and Mrs. Deene;" and Deene, the very pith and marrow of fellowship, answered, "Boy, give each of my friends whatever is wanted."

We filled our pockets with smokes, and carried home stomachs in which no angel could drive a pin.

Modern Son and His Wife



Ancient Parents: "Ah, Kittu, Kittu, dear boy, Is that you? Can it be my son..."

Dr. Kitturam, Ph. D., D. Sc., etc; "Father, Mother, why the deuce did you rush down here? Why, my wife will simply be shocked! Do please go away. I shall see you when I come down to your place."

OUR BELOVED BLACKMAILERS

By "ORB.'

THE Sun—Phœbus as the moonstruck muses wish to call him—might flatter himself of an achievement that I am not able to perform. He gets out on his work—rather, every morning when I open my eyes, there he is, bright and warming up to his work; while I yawn, stretch out my limbs, rub my eyes, shake out my sleepiness and most reluctently leave my bed.

I do not want to compete in every thing. And most certainly not with the sun. But this thing I needs must mention—as a challenge of course—can he rise with the lark?

No answer.

Just what I thought. Honesty is after all the best policy. And he knows it.

But there is one grievance that I have against the sun. His early start throws me completely off my pace, and makes me feel like the hare which tried to beat the tortoise. Getting up from my bed, my first act is to call myself names, for the sun always, every day, far out-distances me, and I must rush through my ablution, at least to be in time for my other duties.

I start the morning with a defeat; and my temper not mine own for some time, and not too good too when I get it.

I have yet to relish my chota, and I do not remember having looked forward for it these many days of my life. "One thing at a time" is a very good rule, as all rules are: But I cannot be taking my chota, thinking only about it, and nothing but it. My mind wanders, thinks of ever so many things, but not the chota before me.

A couple of hours more. My breakfast is ready. That over; with a heigh and a ho I start for my other duties.

How fast time flies! Monday to Saturday. The days pass off in a jiffy. Then comes Sunday, the week-end holiday of mighty Jehovah too. God made man out of his own image and like himself, He wanted man to rest on the seventh day.

When I wake up on Sundays the sun of course has far out-distanced me, but I care a row of pins for him. I just snap my fingers at him for all he is worth; and I don't think much of it though.

I think of many things that I could do on a Sunday. I can take my chota and then breakfast, or breakfast and then chota, I can take it at home or outside. Oh! just as I please. Sometimes I go off and seek the shade of a banian tree and see if I cannot doze off with the grass as my mattress, as well as I can do on my cot. And every time I've had marvellous success.

* * * *

The course of true laziness never did run smooth.

Just about a month ago I rose into great prominence in the esteem of my officers. The result: I draw a pretty decent salary, and a score of peons salaam in, and salaam out of my room. Yes, I have a room of mine own, and a telephone that purrs and tinkles just as it chooses; which reminds me of the exchange which leads a life of connections and disconnections.

By the end of the month, I am something of a power in office It is very grand to possess power. The clerks, the typists, the peons, all of them so pathetically dependent, and who would go to the very ends of the earth to do me a favour. Thank god I have nothing to be done at the ends of the earth, and what incalculable time it would take for them to get back. No I will not send them to the ends of the earth.

That is my position abroad.

At home it is different.

My wife would no longer look upon her neighbours as her friends She needs must have a club to go to, and a car to go in. She has decided about the absolute necessity of a car, and when she described life without the car—Why! existence was impossible. Husbands whose wives—mind you I don't say nags—condescend to argue; would have found by experience that failures must have taught them, that the safest and best argument, is not only to yield to her, but also to be happily convinced. "Woman thy name is vanity" says some man. That is rather cheeky of him I won't call her names like that, and I challenge if others would dare.

Sundays are no longer the haven of peace that it was, no longer the uninterrupted repose, and no longer the luxury of laziness. Every Sunday I discoverad some new relation, and every discovery wsa somehow not in the best of relations with the world. Would I not help them on the world? The appeal is pathetic—it almost breaks my heart.

* * *

The last notes of the curtain lecture was still vibrating in my ears —was still in my ears right through my ablutions, and my maid of all work tells me "There's a gentleman waiting to see me."

"Who's that" I ask—a sort of a hybrid between a loud tone and a whisper.

The maid goes out to enquire.

The gentleman would wait till it is convenient for me, and that I need not hurry, and it is not a matter of very great importance.

So much in the way of information, advise, and what is more, the gentleman shows me great kindness in waiting for me. A matter to be indebted to indeed.

Would he wait till is convenient for me? When would it be convenient? I myself do not know. But this I do

know; it is not convenient to keep a stranger waiting for you, who in the meanwhile listens-in to odd things that wafts into his ears.

I put up the best smile that I could manage and went into the drawing room.

"Hallo, good morning. What can I do for you?" a question that always puzzled me Would I do any thing that he wants—even if it is possible, and within my means to do it for him?

"Good morning" he says "Hope I am not disturbing you" Indeed that was too late; and a hope most insincere and forlorn. And I have found by experience—I have been having quite a lot of it, I assure you—that such hopes always preceded a decent little chaos in my mind.

"Kittu, you know, sent me over here" he began.

"Kittu" he is a very good friend of mine. His full name is as long as himself; and I am not one of those who went out on long distance tracks, and therefore I do not know what it is. As a matter of fact if any one mentioned his full name, I cannot for the life of me know if "Kittu" had any proprietory rights over it.

"Your friends are my friends" I used to say when I was in the topmost class of the high school and when the S. S. L. C. examination and moderation board were making a great fuss over me—and over thousands of others too who had scrambled up to my position.

But I never thought Kittu would be contracting friendships and foisting them later an upon me. But that is Kittu, and ours was a sort of contract barred by no limitation, and was good till one of the party ceased to survive.

We have not decided who that should be, and I still await Kittu to do something in the matter, and Kittu does not understand the seriousness of the subject. But that is like him.

"Haven't you insured your life?" asks my visitor.

That was a bomb. He took me completely out of my breath.

"So you are an Insurance agent?"

"Yes, but.........of course that is my profession but I've come to you, not that I could do a bit of work which, by the way if I do any work at all, I get paid for it. But that is entirely secondary in your case. You're a friend of Kittu, that is enough. I've helped a good lot of strangers, and my Company pays them all well and—what you will appreciate more—pays them promptly too. In fact, some of them that I have insured, when they gave up the ghost, gave it up with a smile on their lips, and contentment in their hearts; for, the feeling of making the Company pay, gave them a happy satisfaction. Of course you pay premiums up to a stipulated time. But sir; mind you, it's a bit of confidence, you can, if you will it, pay one or two premiums, and then make the company pay the stipulated amount. The time and the other premiums go to the dogs. If I could do so much for others, I should certainly do more for you, my dear Kittu's friend that you are." Thus he wound up the golden advantages of Insurance.

Affection for Kittu, begets affection for me. Affection is a marvellous fertiliser. And my visitor could not help it. The sincerity of the Insurance agent, is beyond question. By the way, I have stolen the idea from Rao Bahadur, Krishna Rao Bhonsle, but I hope I have not made him the poorer for it. My dear Rao Bahadur, the life of an Insurance agent is one of high philanthropy. He toils and spins, prays and chants for our long life, that we may keep paying the premiums; and prosperity, that we may afford to continue to pay them.

"Did Kittu insure?" I asked just to say something.

"No. But he was particular that you should do it first."

The rascal. He was always learning lessons from my experience. Even taking a wife was deferred till I was wived.

"Well! my dear friend, I will just consider the matter and drop in again when it is convenient for you." I said.

"My advise is, think of the subject in all its aspects as you wish to, and I will help you no understand them better, and my time is mine own, and the best time is now." said my visitor.

You can shuffle off your mortal coil, or escape from your shadow; but you can never shake off an Insurance agent. He clings to you for good or for worse, till death do us part.

The problem was: if I should insure myself, would I be obliging my friend Kittu, or help a man to get on in the world, or do a selfish act and help myself to the stipulated amount, earlier if fortunate, or later in crabbed age after the stipulated time, if unfortunate?

There's the rub.

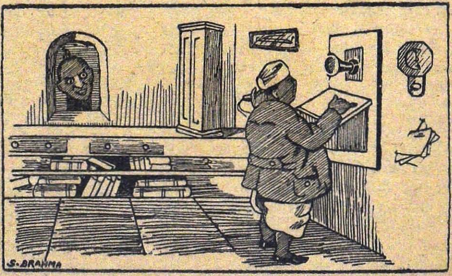
* * * *

I yield and fix a day.

The insurance agent leaves me. Now for a little rest.

(*to be continued—or not*)

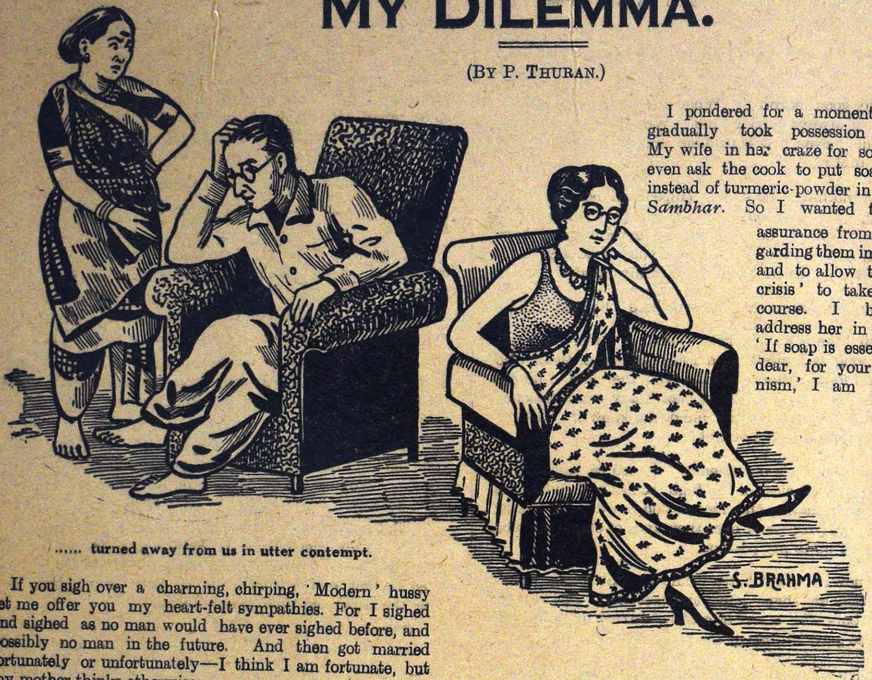
Accidents will happen Even on the Best Railways



Asst. Station Master to Asst. Traffic Manager: "Your honour, a calamitous event has befallen. An individual who appears to be prospective passenger of third class has, through overzeal and impatience, thrust his head through ticket window, and become a fixture in this office. Please arrange."

MY DILEMMA.

(BY P. THURAN.)



...... turned away from us in utter contempt.

If you sigh over a charming, chirping, 'Modern' hussy let me offer you my heart-felt sympathies. For I sighed and sighed as no man would have ever sighed before, and possibly no man in the future. And then got married fortunately or unfortunately—I think I am fortunate, but my mother thinks otherwise.

This is the beginning of the third month after my marriage. All these days I was happy and felt O. K. and never for a moment thought that things would take a different course.

My mother is an old-world, what you call, orthodox old lady. Her ideas about religion and everything were inherited from her parents who in their turn inherited them from their fore-fathers. Hence you may guess what they are.

She was, for the last sixty and odd days, tolerating her new daughter-in-law and all her new fangled ways, probably thinking that she (my wife) would come to her senses after the first glamour of married life was over. But as my wife began to show her loyalty to her 'Modernism' with increased zest, at my expense of course, and never showed any signs of 'coming to her senses', my mother thought that it was high time for her to intervene. Here started my difficulty.

I don't know if ever I disobeyed my mother all these twenty-four summers of my life. But personally I am not against getting modern and all that. Only it would have been well for me if the hussy does not carry her 'Modernism' too far, as there are no divorce-courts, and also it would have been well for her as widow-marriages are not so common in our country.

This morning everything looked gloomy and things began to take a serious turn. My mother wants the young lady of my choice to use tur-meric-powder for bathing; but my wife insists upon her soap. 'It is unbecom-ing of a Hindu wife to be without her turmeric ! and only widows are deprived of its use' the elder lady argued. My wife refused to touch any powder except her Ashes of Roses. I am implored—commanded I should say—by both the parties for support. I rather wished I had two Malabar Reserve Policemen with regulation lathis, than my mother on the one side with her brows somewhere above her forehead and my wife on the other turned away from us in utter contempt.

I pondered for a moment. A fear gradually took possession of me. My wife in her craze for soap might even ask the cook to put soap-powder instead of turmeric-powder in the *Doll-Sambhar*. So I wanted to get an assurance from her regarding them immediatly, and to allow the 'bath-crisis' to take its own course. I began to address her in this way: 'If soap is essential, my dear, for your 'Modernism,' I am not going to stand in your way, but for God's sake dont ask the cook to put soap-powder instead of turmeric-powder in the Sambhar. At first my wife in her devotion for 'Modernism' paid no heed to what I was saying and was simply repeating, "No, I will use only soap, and I will ask everybody in this house to use only soap." But at last after I had bawled out the words 'cook' and '*Sambhar*' a dozen times, she caught my point and replied yeilding, 'All right'.

All this time we were talking in English. My mother could not follow the conversation as she was ignorant of that language. But some how or other she took in some words like 'yes,' 'no', 'allright' and 'coffee' etc. When she had heard my wife saying 'Allright,' she naturally took it she had won. So she marched off triumphantly.

Who knows what is waiting for me to-morrow when my wife will surely go to her bath with her Godrej Toilet Soap?

A Political Pastime: M. L. C's Crossing the Floor.

Jardine and his jolly jokers are now in our land. They have started cutting jokes so soon, and within two matches.

Father Marriot and three others found their fever rather too strong to take it as a joke, and decided to hear from their nurses how their colleagues cut and late cut jokes against Rubie's XI.

There is a pleasure in listening to a nurse, which only people who have listened to a nurse will know. Is it not so Father Marriott?

* *

The first joke of the team: Jardine, after piling up a total of 292 runs, while the homesters spun out only 99; sends his men out, instead of asking Rubie to send his men to bat once again and see what they could do on a second chance.

Of course the match ended in a draw. Evidently Jardine does not care. There's a joke

* *

The second match against Karachi XI: Naomal, Shankar, Gopaldos and Palsetia and others could only put up 89 against the M. C. C. total of 362. But this time the Captain Joker, told Naomal to send his men back to the field and do their steps once again But the Karachi eleven did their steps so well, that the homesters wrested the joke from the jokers. Poor Jardine was robbed of his victory.

* *

What about the Nawab of Pataudi? He has been invited to play against the M. C. C. at so many places: but nowhere are we sure that the Nawab would weild his willow. Perhaps the Nawab is in a dilemma. England had selected him to play against Australia in the Test matches, and thereby has disqualified him from playing for his country. But even in Australia Pataudi did not participate in all the Test matches It looks as if that he participated to just that extent that would earn for him the necessary disqualification to play for his country.

It is passing strange that a player of the calibre of Pataudi should not have been selected by the M. C. C. to tour and play with them. If Pataudi was considered as one of the best to play against Australia, it must certainly hold good even against India.

OUR SPORTMANTEAU.

What will be the strength of the Indian team in a Test Match with the Nawab of Pataudi as one of them? Surely Nichols and Verity, Langridge and Father Marriot cannot play up their box of tricks against him. Pataudi is bound to knock the shimmer out of their balls; and it won't be a surprise if he puts up a credit balance of 200 and odd to his account. But the M. C. C. at home will take care, and see such things do not happen

* *

Bangalore Vs. Madras was rather a sorry affair. The Bangalore eleven included Kanickam, who is also known as the Hobbs of South India. And if I am not misinformed, the tourists who prowled all over India, they say, gazed with admiration upon the architectural wonders in the temples of the south; and when a matter of cricket was raised, they felt that wherever they roamed, whatever realms they saw, a duplicate of Hobbs of Merry old England was always found, but, "thank God" they seem to have said —"not a Shaw"

Hobbs has been scoring tens of centuries, so was Kanickam. In Ulsur, in K. G. F., in Bowringpet, and in Bangalore; all over, in and around Bangalore he sent the balls scudding all over the field. Of course he did not score a century in Madras. Not that he could not! but why should he? and the public have not taken away the sanad they gave him. Even to-day, century or not, he is still the proud Hobbs of South India.

Y. S. Ramaswamy and Vijayasarathy are great names. They were discernable only by the light that the halo round Kanickam sheds upon them.

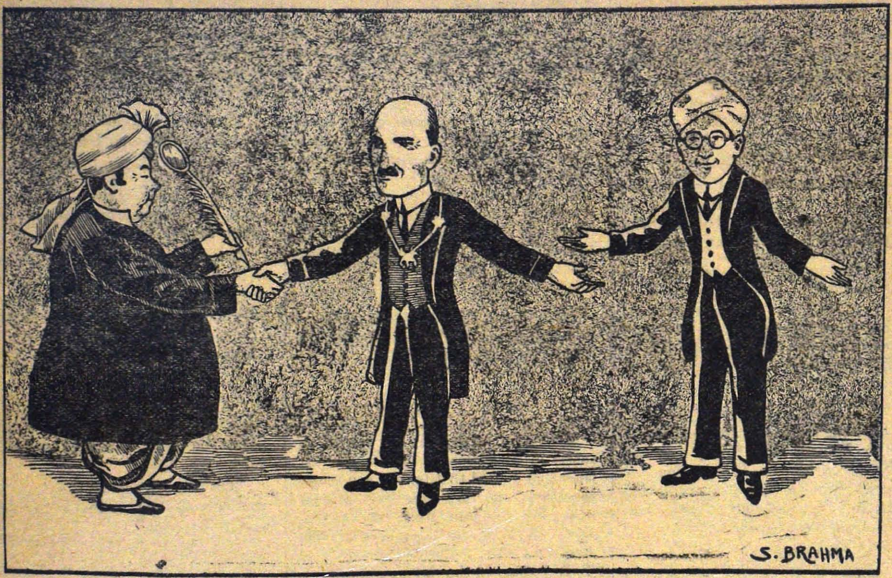
They came to Madras, and the Madras Cricket Federation team would not allow the Bangalorians even a few knocks. One after another the Bangalorians found their seats back in the pavilion. The Madras Cricket Federation is supposed to have given them an innings defeat.

But Vijiasarathy and Ramaswamy if they did not impress the Madrasis, they might be able to impress C. K. Naidu, Wazir Ali, Colah and the hosts of other players in Bombay.

My hearty congratulations to the Madras Cricket Federation. The Federation had also very wisely elected B. V. Ramanujam as the captain.

(See page, 12.)

Bhai FUNZIN Congratulates - - H. E. Sir George Stanley



H. E. Stanley: Hallo, Bhai Funzin, Here is our Sir K. V. Reddy going up to the Council of State. How do you like it, Bhaiji?

Bhai Funzin: Your Excellency, you have placed me in a rather uncomfortable corner. I don't know how I shall squeeze myself into it.

H. E. Stanley: Why, why, what is the matter?

Bhai Funzin: The fact is I don't know whether to congratulate your Excellency or Sir Kurma. However, here is my hearty congratulation on a choice acceptable to all sections.

OUR SPORTMANTEAU.

(*Continued from page 10.*)

That he should have given the ball to Rajagopal in the second innings is—in my opinion the master stroke of his captaincy.

* *

The City Central League is doing its bit of work, and that very efficiently too. In Madhanagopal and Kamath, in Ramana Ram Reddy and Daly they have strength, that gives them a dash of superiority: even against the bigger ones too sometimes.

Kamath scored 81 not out against the Friends united. Surely that is many runs more than Pataudi who made only 68 for the viceroy's team.

But what impresses me greatly are the splendid averages of Ramana Ram Reddy. He has been consistently bagging a great many wickets for just a few runs for each. The latest: Reddy captured six wickets for 31 runs. And 4 for 4 and 8 for 30 on other occasions.

I hope the Cricket Federation would give Mr. Ramana Ram Reddy a chance in bigger matches. Considering his successes with the ball, it is not asking too much if I should suggest for a place in the Presidency eleven.

* *

Another M. U. C. about 350 miles away to the south of Madras. Mr. A. V. Jayakar the secretary of the Madura United Club, now assures the public that his new club is only second to Madras. How he could have found it out on the very opening day seems to puzzle me a bit. But there's nothing to prevent him in making statements of that sort.

My congratulations to Mr. Jayakar, that he should have chosen the time when people just now live, move and have their being in Cricket. Poor Jardine; one more club, and a few more Cricket fans. Surely this is the last straw that breaks the camel's back.

* *

Soon after the opening of the Madura United Club by Mr. Wadsworth, "there was then a practice knock" says the paper. But the Selection Ccommittee have announced that they would watch the game of the players while they practise in the nets. But that is to be done in Bombay. My friends of the neo M. U. C. are far down in the south.

But if the mountain would not go to Mohamad, Mohamed must go to the mountain.

* * *

Miss Leila Row once again beats Miss Woodbridge. And this time Miss Woodbridge has evidently given Miss Leila Row a good fight. But it was a case of giving on one side, and a case of taking on the other. Miss Woodbridge gave up both the fight and the cup away. Was there anything else that she could give? Not to my knowledge. At any rate not at present.

Miss Leila Row has already taken two cups from the South. How many more cups will she take?

Ask her.

* *

Rachappa earns a hat trick in tennis in Bangalore. This is the first time that I find that tennis can create sensations, no less startling as—for example—a woman giving out her true age. Not a few months before Rachappa, the Mysore player sent T. B. Balagopal the Madras Champion with his rackets back to Madras. Rachappa would not give him the cup. Balagopal fought out 50 games. Even then Rachappa would not be convinced, but promised to take care of the trophy for him, till they met again.

That *was* a startling sensation.

B. T. Blake, the Karachi Champion, whose fight with de Staffani, Italy's No. 1, player went up to five sets; went meekly down like the gentle lamb before Rachappa in two straight sets. Poor Blake too many nuts to crack: the S. I. A. A. Finals, and Rachappa's victory.

E. V. Bobb the All India Champion was another victim of Rachappa—and in two straight sets too.

Rachappa is invincible.

* *

It is indeed wonderful that a player of such outstanding merit did not participate in the S. I. A. A. Tournament.

Would he not be as successful in Madras as he was in Bangalore?

Indeed "there's a tide in the affairs of men."

* *

Mr. F. Y. Paul is proud of the triumph of Rachappa. Quite pardonable of course. He wants the selectors of Indian Players for the Davis Cup tourney, not to forget what Bangalore has achieved.

Mr. Paul had let his fancy roam—for a bit of diversion I am sure.

First Cinema Actor: "Fancy that pistol being loaded by mistake! Jolly rotten for you, old man."

Second Actor: "Oh, I wouldn't have minded that so much, but the director shouted: 'That's not the way to fall wnen you're shot, you idiot!'"

* *

"Father, what is a retaining fee?" asked the small boy.

"A retaining fee," replied his father, "is a sum of money paid to a lawyer before he will undertake to do any work for a client."

"Oh, I see," replied the boy, "like putting a shilling in the meter before you get any gas,"

* *

After forty years in a remote country village, a couple sold their farm and decided to live in the city where they could enjoy the comforts of life. So to London they went. They bought a house and set about their life of leisured ease.

On the first morning the wife awoke before sunrise and said: "Isn't it about time you were getting up to light the fire?"

"No, Mary," the old man yawned. "I'll call the fire brigade. We might as well get used to these new-fangled city conveniences right now."

* *

The pretty restaurant cashier applied for a holiday.

"I must recuperate," she said. "My beauty is beginning to fade."

"Indeed?" said the proprietor. "What makes you think so?"

"I notice the men are beginning to count their change."

SYNOPSIS OF THE FIRST PART.

Ragho was a peasant in one of the villages belonging to Raja Ripundama. His lands were on the border of the territory of Rasool Khan, a Muslim chieftain. And Ragho had no end of troubles from the attentions which the Muslim chieftain paid him, to his kine and his kinsmen.

Ragho had a beautiful daughter. Shyamal as she was known, a rare flower of those rough village fields.

Prince Indar Singh, the son of Raja Ripundama was passing through Ragho's land's one day. Passing by the village well he saw Shyamal. The brave Prince Inder who had fought in the thickest of battles, became an easy target for Manmada's arrow.

* *

One day Rasool Khan's men had marched off the cattle of Raja Ripundama. Ragho with a handful of men fought and brought back their Raja's cattle. The case was misrepresented, and Ragho was made to appear before the Raja with his wife and daughter Shyamal.

***Now Read on*:**

Ragho was brought to trial.

There was his wife and his daughter too. Shyamal, the damsel, the lily of the village, stood by her father and mother. True, Raja Ripundama looked at her with astonishment. True, that his immediate attendants beheld the young and graceful prisoner with feeling with which one beholds something supremely charming.

There was one among those in the Court of Raja Ripundama who looked at Shyamal the damsel with eyes and heart and feelings far different from those we have already narrated.

EXPLOITS OF JAGAT-JWALA

By "el-KISMAT."

Prince Inder Singh, the young son of the Raja, stood by his father. It was the practice of the Court, that on occasions when the Raja dealt with charges as those brought against Ragho, the Prince was made to attend the proceedings to understand the ways of the state and to prepare him to undertake the duties of chieftanship when it came to his lot to do so.

That was the object of Raja Ripundama. But on this occasion, any one that watched closely the features

...... the prince marched with quict and firm steps to the cell.

of Inder Singh, his look, his anxiety, and an inexplicable uneasiness, could easily make out that the Young Prince was not present with his father as an eager apprentice in the art of ruling a warrior's state.

Shyamal, as we said, stood along with her parents. The first time that a young maiden of the field, brought up in humble dwelling, standing in the hall of the Court of a Chieftain, she looked about with a wonder or bewilderment with which the young full-eyed fawn looks at her pursuer, not knowing why her liberty should be cut off.

Nor did Shyamal betray any of the feelings of one whose fate depends upon the whims of an angry Chief. She knew not. She was innocent. She only knew her father was brought before the mightiest man of her knowledge. What fate might overtake her father, she was perfectly innocent.

Raja Ripundama was informed what exactly the charge was against Ragho. Having learnt the accusation as was placed by his own followers, the Raja proceeded to ask what Ragho meant by such an act of marauding audacity. He roared that Ragho had treated his men worse than his enemies outside his state. He would, he swore, put down any such attempt on the part of his own subjects in such a drastic manner, that henceforth his subjects would be free from enemies within his own province.

Raja Ripundama was about to pronounce judgment, when, as luck or ill-luck would have it, a messenger came running breathlessly into the Court-Hall and, when summoned by the Raja, whispered a message in the Raja's ear, which none but the Raja, not even Prince Inder, heard, of those that were in the Hall.

The Raja got up in haste, looked at the prisoners, caste a glance at Ragho's wife and Shyamal, uttered an angry oath against his men for having also brought women on such an occasion, ordered them to be cast in prison till such time as he could conveniently look into the matter, and left the Hall, ordering his son Prince Inder to follow him into his private audience chamber.

The Raja left the hall; Prince Inder followed him. The peasant Ragho, his wife and daughter were marched and cast into the dungeon. It looked as if the poor peasant, after the ways of things of those days would take long, long months if not years, to know what Fate had reserved for him to suffer. When he would be tried, and what the punishment would be, were matters solely resting on the whims of Raja Ripundama, though generally he was known to be affectionate to his subjects and gentle to the aged and helpless, but stern, unspeakably cruel, towards those to whom he thought he had a dutiful lesson to teach.

Advocates like those we have, and whom we employ, and by whom we often lose both our money and case; there were none in those days. Just or unjust, gentle or cruel, the Raja was the Judge beyond whom there was no appeal. Ragho and his family entered the cell with thatmeekness with which the Oriental meets the hardest hits that a cruel Fortune sometimes metes out to the Oriental.

Yet, there was one who did take an interest in the three souls that were sent to prison.

Prince Inder Singh stood by his father in the Audience Hall. He felt there was something wrong about the way in which the case of Ragho was handled.

His line of argument was not that a noble father or a glorious mother must have begotten such a dazzling damsel. No, he argued from the damsel. Smitten as he was by her beauty, he felt, he did not know why, he did'nt to argue it out either within himself, he felt that such a wonderful soul-touching charm could not have come forth into the world from out of anything unworthy of it. The ermine touches not anything less immaculate than itself. Hence he was sure that Ragho, peasant as he was, unchampioned he may be, doomed too should he be, yet, Ragho could be guilty of anything unworthy, could not be a sinner against the state of his Father or against the traditions of the clan of the Warrior Peasants to which Ragho belonged,

These feelings it did not take long for Prince Inder to rush through. When the heart is really touched, it darts through space or time or obstacles as if they simply were not there Inder's heart did so. Unknown to his father, unknown to any of his attendants, Inder determined to test the accuracy of what he felt. With that determination which marks the man of character, with that regard for his own determination which marks the man of self-respect, the Prince marched with quiet and firm staps to the cell where were lodged Shyamal and her parents.

There stood behind the bars the very person that he did not want to meet. Shyamal was there. But her, the Prince did not want to meet, still less speak.

"Ragho, Ragho," the Prince called out.

There stood the poor but proud peasent, behind the bars of his prison with innocence beaming on his manly face He could detect in the dim light of the prison a few large drops of tears in the eyes of his wife, but Shyamal stood as free from care as a heart free from any knowledge of guilt lets a person look.

One look at the group convinced the Prince that if ever there were innocent people put into that State prison, these were. He asked Ragho to narrate the story of his being taken by the Raja's officers and what the whole affair was.

He heard; he trusted; he felt; and he left.

* *

The nature of the private and urgent message, though secretly imparted to Raja Ripundama, may easily be guessed from the nature of arrangements ordered by the Raja and his son.

Archers and horsemen were hurried to the parts where, it was reported, that the Muslim neighbour had chosen to attack. Fire arms too of a kind there were among his men: And in the enquiries made as to why Nawab Rasool Khan should have been provoked to an attack, it came out that Ragho's bold adventure into the Muslim's land, his sudden surprise and severe assault on his men, and his driving back the herd of cattle which the Muslims had carried away had not a little to do with this fresh act of hostility of the Muslim neighbour.

Having hurried his men to the place where the Muslim invaders were expected to attack, the Raja himself was not slow to join his followers. He chose his favourite steed, Bijili, as he called him, harnessed him, and sprang on to his saddle with the agility and grace of one at least a score of years younger than himself. The

young Prince, Inder Singh too followed his father.

Of the deeds of valour which both the Muslims and the Hindus displayed, it need not detain us to narrate. But what is more memorable is that as the fighting grew in seriousness, the Chiefs themselves met and, as it was a long cherished desire between them, engaged in single combat.

Fighting to uphold the traditions of glory of the two clans, Rasool and Ripundama fought with a bravery, skill and heroism which drew the awe and admiration of both the armies, so much so, that they almost stood still as if they were spectators of a modern boxing ring gathered to witness trials of strength and training between two champion gladiators.

The day wore on; darkness spread; the heroes had to part for the day.

The Raja took leave of the Nawab, and as they both possessed in their souls the stuff of which true heroes are made, parted like friends and promised to meet on the norrow to renew those martial trials in which real manliness delights to see exhibitions of skill, from whichever side such skill and art emanate.

Raja Ripundama was hurrying to meet his Queen. To narrate to his loving kith and kin he made all haste.

But, the Raja was spared the trouble for two reasons. The fame of the splendid fight he put up against Rasool Khan had travelled long before he reached his fortress.

Nor was the Ranee of a mood to be completely jubilant over the heroic achievements of her valorous lord.

Raja Ripundama entered the Queen's apartments. He told her of how his arms had been, by the grace of Deity, his Ancestors, devoted to enhance the martial lustre for which his family had been sung by ministrels in their war songs.

Yet, proud as the Queen appeared, pleased she was not. Of course to think that she was the least lacking in loyalty to his prowess was out of question, True, the Queen had ordered *harathis* and offerings to ward off evil eyes from the Raja.

Yet, Ripundama felt that something was guawing in that noble and pure heart of his Queen. What was it? He was determined to find out.

It was not the way of the martial princes of those times, at any rate, not in the case of the proud Ripundama, to go about the matter along the steps of cunning diplomacy. He was accustomed to face his troubles much in the manner as the great world Conqueror did when he sundered the well-known guardian-knot.

Ripundama asked his Queen what the matter was, why he found her rather lacking in that unstinted happiness which she always felt whenever he returned from the field of battle.

The Queen was not lacking in candour as well. She looked her lord straight in the face. She told him that happiness could never be hers so long as their only son, the gift of Goddess Bhavani, Inder, was wrapt in gloom.

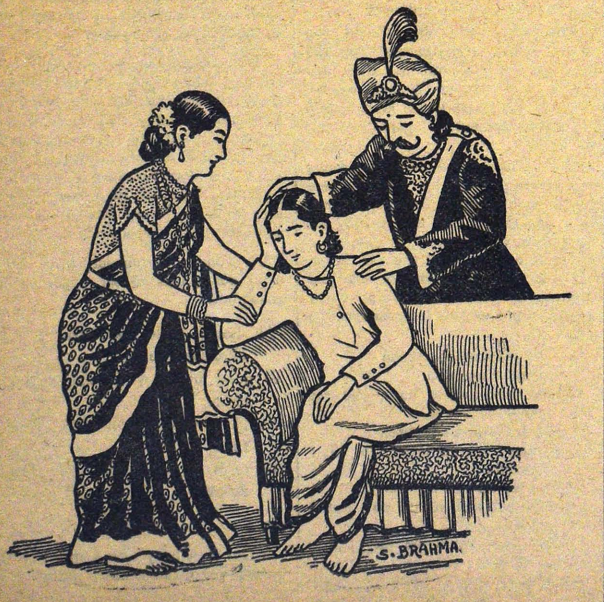
Not a moment did Ripundama lose, But with his Queen, he hurried to the chamber of the prince—the prince that only a short while ago fought as never did Kshatriya fight before.

Truth, the father commanded, though with that tenderness which even the sternest father does not neglect, specially in the presence of the consort to whom he was tenderly attached.

Prince Inder was the very spirit of obedience, for the true leader of men is he who knows how to obey. The Prince spoke straight: he knew that a great injustice was being done to Ragho the peasant, his wife and daughter. He declared his manly nature was being humiliated to see that innocent people, harmless women, were being dealt with by mere brute might, and cruelty meted to them because they needs must submit to them. Inder placed the case of Ragho in its true light.

Ripundama, it was his part to act. The fate of the three in the jail, of one specially, trembled like the sword of Damocles uncertain of its course.

(To be continued)



Truth, the father commonded, though with tenderness.

A COURT FOR LOVERS.

BY R. S. R.

WHY not courts of love instead of law, in *amantium irae*, in love combats. How delightful! decrees which would bring young lovers together, would ring out their feuds and ring in real redress.

That is how it strikes me on reading the case of the lady and her loves.

The report says that she sued for a declaration that she was the wife of A. That sounds pithy, no doubt, but woefully prosy. It means simply, that the lady complained

"My true love hath my heart and I have his
By just exchange, one to the other given
I hold his dear and mine he cannot miss
There never was a better bargain driven."

While that was pending, B, one who had also exchanged his heart with the lady's, filed a suit against her for restitution of conjugal rights. That is, for consortium and connubium. To that, the lady did not enter a defence in time and there was an exparte decree. The report says that steps were however, taken afterwards to set it aside but in vain, and the decree, therefore, became final and operative.

But, I should crave leave to doubt the genuineness of the steps reported to have been taken. They were admittedly belated and presumably feeble. Possibly they were formal and conventional. Anyhow, when that decree became final, I fancy, the lady sang to herself. 'Sure then,

He loves my heart, for once it was his own
I cherish his, because in me it bides.
My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.'

So much, then, as to the suit against her.

The suit by her, was sought to be resisted on the grounds, firstly, that she was in fact the wife of B, and therefore could not be the wife of A, and, secondly, that the judgment obtained against her by B, was, in any event, conclusive on the matter.

To us, moderns, on facts so simple, the conclusion is crystal clear, especially as the lady had laid bare her heart, the lover had laid his plaint, and she had accepted his suit.

But, says the report, the rusty court turned to rustier laws, looked into the ancient forms of petty strife and did not find a precedent or a parallel. No case on all fours was then. Pity its pate :—search for the uncommon in the common law! The court felt compelled by the facts, but would not dare draw the conclusion. Hence followed a sifting of the facts, that is, shutting out the inconvenient ones.

It, then, held that the judgment obtained by B was not one in rem, was binding only as between the parties to it, that there was no independent, or reliable evidence that the lady was the wife of B, and it granted the declaration as prayed for, that she was the wife of A.

Now, the aggrieved parties ask, 'Is this love, law or even justice'?

The lady asks 'Why should the court admit impediments to the marriage of true minds'. She had openly declared for A and tacitly accepted the plaint of B. Why should not the omniscient law give her both her lovers?

Yes. That would have happened in a court presided by Love. There would have been a decree, in limine, for a partition of the love among the three, for an account of the past pleasures, a recount of the old times, and one for an apportionment and allotment of the future felicities. Now that B is out of the later decree, the lady cries.

'—yet now he is gone
I feel I am alone.
I checked him while he spoke: yet should he speak.
Alas! I would not check
For reasons not to love him, *once* I sought
And wearied all my thought
To vex myself and him, I now would give
My love, could he but live—with me.'

There is no helping her sorry plight. The law has grown senile. The courts of the day are superannuated. Their hearts have become dry. Their heads are crammed with fossil laws. They have lost their youth, and can no more feel for the youth of others. And they dare not dream their own. This 'crabbed age and youth' cannot live together.

Love has come of age. It is lusty and youthful. It calls upon Age to defend itself. It challenges the worn-out laws and would defy the decrees of the decrepit courts.

To the modern youth, 'true love needs fresh beauties for its fuel; He will not cage it in matrimony or monogamy lest it should pine and die. He has no faith 'in a knot there is no untying'. There is no faith in the segregation of the so called virtue.

The modern society is for expiating and atoning for the sins of the ancient. The mistresses, and the courtesans—the outlaws-may no more be left to stay out. They are recognised as the 'bold adventurers who dared decry the unknown regions' as the pioneers in navigating the high seas of love, and as the adepts of their art. Their self-denial is rewarded. No more for them their dens, and obscure corners. They shall live, henceforth, in the gay light in the heart of the society.

The society has far advanced from the day when first 'Eve led her lord away'. The times are such, when as the Autocrat is reported to have said, 'Each man and woman of the present day, is asked to show cause, not why he or she does not love so-and-so, in particular but why he or she does not love each and every woman or each and every man, respectively;

No wonder, the modern lover looks upon our courts as an unpardonable anachronism.

'Ah Love! could thou and I with Fate conspire
To grasp his sorry scheme of things entire
Would not we shatter it to bits-and then
Re-mould it nearer to the Hearts' desire.'

"Our first baby was a girl, but the second was of the contrary sex."

"You mean you have two girls."

THE MAN IN THE TOMB.

By Srinivas.

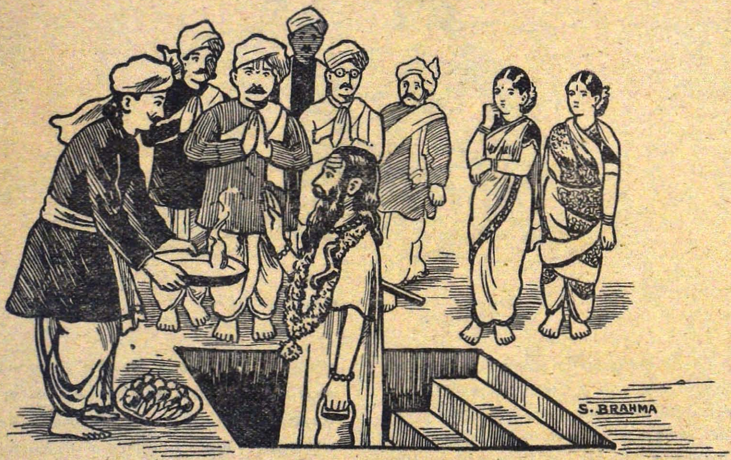
It was the month of December. The night was dark. The sky was black. The clouds were lowering. Stillness reigned supreme. Such were the conditions when a man of thirty sat over a window-sill in his lonely cottage. His children, six in number, were sleeping, not because it was the time to sleep, but because of fatigue and hunger. Mowni—that was the name of the father—was born in a poor family, married in a poor family and lived a poverty-stricken life. By profession he was a mason. He was sitting and brooding in the window-sill, "What can I do? People say God helps the poor. But he doesn't help me. A wife, six children and myself, that makes eight. How can eight people live on such a scanty sum as I get". It was past midnight and still he sat, thought, and pondered. It was 2 o'clock when he left the window-sill. A smile glimmered on his face. He woke up his wife and talked in whispers. There were contradictions, arguments and all the quiet whispers of a plot, and the wife having given her assent, he went to sleep, and it was the first night that he dallied with sleep, undisturbed, peaceful, drinking in the sweet honey of rest.

Next morning the whole village where Mowni lived was aglow with the news that he was going to the Himalayas to become a sage and live a saintly life. That evening Mowni left Ramstal, for that was the name of the village, after wishing goodbye to friends with a *Kashaya Vasthram* in his waist, *Ruthrakshamalai* round his neck, and a clear cut plot in his brain.

It was midnight again. The rain was pouring in torrents. Nobody dared leave his house. The village appeared a desert. But one man, avoiding the streets, came sneaking, leaping over the hedges; and on reaching Mowni's house, he tapped gently at the back door. Mrs. Mowni opened the door and Mowni, for the lonely man was only our mason, was admitted. For a month nothing was heard of Mowni in the village.

It was January now. Ramstal was putting forth a brilliant appearance with drums that deafened the air, with gay people shouting Mowniki Jai, and children crying for cocoanuts and plantains. For Ramstal was celebrating that day in honour of the sage Mowni who had returned to his village. After much festivity and joy, Mowni entered the village amidst pomp and reverence; and the whole day was spent in joy, splendour and feeding the poor.

Then the sage proposed to show the villagers what he learnt under the famous sage Jagath Guru Iswaracharya of Manosarowar. He asked the people to construct a tomb in the courtyard of his house, within which he would be for three days, and after that period if the tomb was opened he would come out alive. An old enemy of his, Raja Rao, a rich man of the village, eagerly supported this, thinking that the sage would surely die if he remained inside a tomb without air, water or food. The sage specially requested Mr. Raja Rao, to be near the tomb throughout the three days, so that people might not suspect that there



The sage after reciting some mantrams entered the tomb.

was anything wrong or deceitful, to which Mr. Raja Rao readily consented.

The next day a tomb was constructed in Mowni's house and his family and children were directed to go to his father-in-law's house; the sage's argument being that his wife and children should not see his terrible ordeal. The sage, after reciting some manthrams, entered the tomb and Mr. Raja Rao saw to the complete closing of the tomb, without even a pin-hole for air. The whole village assembled in Mowni's house and remained there to witness the marvellous ability of the sage to remain inside a tomb.

Two days passed. The time for opening the tomb was fast approaching. The whole village was filled with curiosity. In the presence of all the people of the village the tomb was opened and lo! it was empty. People blinked at one another, and Mr. Raja Rao stared at the tomb. But blinking does not bring any solution to the mystery. At last two or three people got into the tomb, and to their surprise found a hole, broad enough to admit a man, blocked with stones. They were removed, and greater wonder still: they beheld a flight of steps leading down. Now, people began to hesitate to go down the steps. Mr. Raja Rao being the richest man of the village, took the lead.

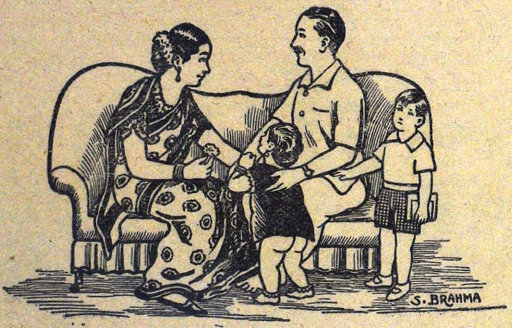
They lighted torches to take with them, sticks, long and stout, were carried to explore the underground passage and a band of ten or twenty people with Mr. Raja Rao as leader went down the steps. Then the steps came to an end, and to their wonder and fear, they found a tunnel. They went along the tunnel for about 100 yards and again their eyes met a flight of stairs. They ascended the stairs and pushed open a door. And can we describe the horror of Mr. Raja Rao? For, the mighty man of the village was standing in his own underground room where he kept all his jewels and valuables and wealth. Now the room was stripped of all its valuables, and none can describe the sad, sad feelings of a miser losing his whole fortune, and tha too stolen by one whom he hated.

* * *

Years rolled by. Sriman Vijiendra Pillai was sitting in a cosy room in a luxurious bungalow on a fine hill station. "Dear, dear," he was addressing his wife, "I sometime laugh at myself for the dare-devilry of mine in converting me into a sage for money. Money I wanted and money I had. I had my revenge to boot on that poor fellow, Raja Rao. I was lucky for I shot two birds at one stroke."

"Let us forget the past; let Raja Rao remember it if he chooses," replied the wife.

She was always business-like, Mrs. Mowni.



She was always business-like Mrs. Mowni.

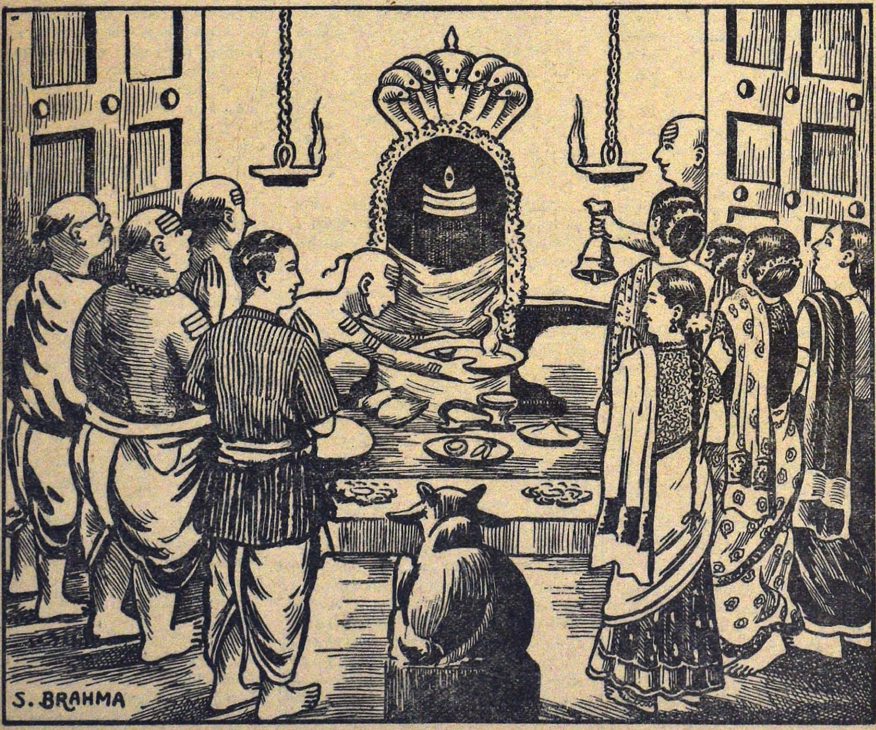
MY FIRST LOVE.

A. V. VEERARAGHAVAN.

It was a small village, the village of Periyar, and a Zemindar ruled over it. To me then, it seemed a big city and it was indeed a happy thing to excavate a single path in a year: for, I rarely knew where roads (lanes and by-lanes) led to, and I was afraid of losing my way in my big village as I fancied it (as the story goes of the frog in the well).

So my days passed. The rigidity and sternness with which my uncle kept me there, is well-worth mentioning, and let me say that I knew nothing but a straight path before me, and had to return by the same path. By the way, my uncle was a master in the School and he carried a peculiar character about him (unlike certain others who are born only for belabouring children and never imparting a pinch of education). This special aptitude of his was for giving a strong foundation for education in all its aspects——I mean mental, physiological, psychological, physical, political, economical, social, genealogical, archaeological and such other qualitative terms that may go to qualify the word 'aspects' somehow or other (not by foul means, I sincerely assure you).

A stern teacher as he was, he was a loving one. He considered his pupils as his sons (if such a term may be permitted). For example, he used to bring one or two plantain fruits which would be served at the occasional feasts in the choultry near by, and this would be evenly distributed among the class of about 40 strength (the brahmin boys of course excepted). We used to pray to God Vishnu, Siva, Brahma and whomsoever we could invoke by prayers, and get His blessings to have feasts, on as many days as possible in the Choultry, and we found 75 per cent sure, our fervent prayers were responded to. And the main reason for such a prayer of ours, was, that on most of these festive occasions, our master would come late and we would have



...... in the temple of Siva.

time at our disposal to be merry and gay.

Thus the days passed and there was a pack of six of us who co-ordinately reached and topped the highest class. I would deal in a separate chapter the important personages in the teachers we met as we soared higher and higher.

It was the ninth year of my study and I first met her in the temple at 5-37 p. m. You may rather wonder how it came about that I could give such an exact time. But let me assure you that people have a peculiarity of remembering things that happened with their loves, even though they may seem trifling matters to others.

As I said, I met her in the temple of Siva (and I have ever since been an ardent devotee of Siva; and in the selection of the proper places for Gods I would give the first rank to my Lord Siva, and as regards the female godesses, Parvathi comes first). She was dressed neatly, not with an exuberance of ornaments or valued dresses, and her face carried with it a feeling of innocence and love which I found in nobody else's. Her walk, her worship and her talk and everything connected with her carried a charm with them, and I tried to place myself before her and get favoured by her eyes. I knew she would choose me, for I was then fairer than all my friends (and so I am even now, and I am proud of it). It had the desired effect. We liked each other and with a yearning heart we traced back to our homes.

A week passed by and we grew acquainted (not by talking. I mean, but through the agency of our eyes). After a few days, we came to know each other personally. As I told you before, the stern supervision of my uncle left me little time, and what time I obtained, I made the best use of it by watching her pretty face and curly lips beckoning me to her side. We began to correspond by exchanging the books that we had, and thus our acquaintance grew.

I understood her name to be Janaky, the perfection of feminine beauty and grace and I found her a true follower of Sri Rama's consort. She was sweet in her talk, amiable in her manners, and of a fascinating character. Attractive in her appearance, many tried to scrape her acquaintance, but I was proud to find that I was the sole recipient of her favours. "Ragh!" She would call me. How sweet, how melodious was her voice! It would draw even the lion and the deer toward one another forgetting all their natural animosities.

Such a jem among girls she was. The little time I had at my disposal, I was near her. At times we would play hide and seek, and at other times we could be found together reading and understanding the same book. And last but not least it was her pleasure to delight me by sitting at the harmonium and teaching me the rudiments of the art. Her sweet songs would elate me to blissful joy.

Her intelligence, to speak the truth, over-ruled mine and, only with much difficulty could I rarely answer her questions of general interest. And thus, our love grew unknown to anyone. As it grew, my meetings with her mostly changed to secret stealings of her pretty face through the windows of the school or in the temple. Communications took the place of meetings.

We had only a difference of two years in our ages and we did not contemplate on the progress of our minds. The present alone, we cared, and thus, our love grew unknown and unchallenged.

But it came to an abrupt close. For her father was shifted to Rajagiri, a town far away and to add to this her marriage was fixed.

Please, readers, don't accuse me of not being gallant enough to press for her hand. The stern training given to me by my uncle coupled with the short disparity in our years left me where I was; and I was shocked to learn that they had shifted the next day to Rajagiri. The Child-marriage bill was not yet in progress and I was deprived of my gem because of this ancient usage and custom.

Alas! Have not these an end? Wherever one goes, one is shocked to learn of ancient usages aud customs, the greatest blot in Hinduism in general. Through this custom of child marriage, how many among women have pined away, some contemplating on lovers; and many turning widows! Widows at the ages of five and nine! Horrible! Such an example of hypocritical beliefs is unrivalled in the history of the world. Is its end not yet near? The youth of this day is striving to push ahead. Oh God! Dost thou not see the crime that is done in thy name. Quoting Sastras in thy name, all kinds of vile deeds are accomplished. Innocent children are joined hands as man and wife, and a little later a girl of 9 or 10 appears as a widow. Such atrocities in thy name! It is too hard to bear. Wilt thou not, O God! after all our prayers emanating from such innocent souls as are at the ages of 5 and 7 descend from heaven and bless us by doing something for us. Vidyasagar! Your name is cherished and loved by us. Your efforts in this direction are unparalleled in the annals of Social history. Pray come once again into our midst and save the society from impending crisis.

Deserted as I am from my Janaky, I have been bearing it on with much difficulty and with the only solace of hoping to enjoy her company in the other world. I am sure the Almighty will take pity on us and join our hands in heaven, where everything is happy and where there is no sorrow. Though distance parts us, I can still perceive her joining my prayers, and conjointly praying for our union in heaven. The distance in no way can part our souls. Her heart is mine, always and for all time, and nothing can separate us.

Cheated.

He had employed a Chinese cook for many years, and one day, after a particularly good dinner, decided to raise the man's wages.

When the Chinese received the increased money at the end of the week, he was very surprised.

"Why are you paying me more?" he asked.

"Because you have been such a good cook," returned his employer, with a smile.

"Oh," the Oriental frowned. "Then you've been swindling me for years, eh?"

* *

Husband: "Darling, what has happened? Why have you that plaster over your left eye?"

Wife: "Plaster? That's my new hat."

* *

"Well, Macpherson, I haven't seen you at church lately."

"Oh, dinna bother yersel aboot that, meenister. Ye havena' lost ma custom. Ah dinna gang ony-where else."

DISCOVERY

BY T. S. RAMANATHAN.

POT-BELLIED, nose twisted, the right eye squint and peering out of broken spectacles, Ragu was a strange specimen of the human species who might be catalouged in some collection of rarities. He had an extensive bald plain on the top of his head, and was school-master, post-master, and doctor, in one, but his chief profession was indicated by the inevitable instrument of correction swinging from his arm, the eternal emblem of his trade.

He taught more sound than sense. His knowledge of History and Geography was astounding. He had a vague idea of Timbuctoo as being the consort of the Persian senator Cleopatra. His theories on the origin of the Roman Empire might have startled Gibbon. He found fault with Froude because he had not dared to unravel the mysteries of Elizabeth's harem. He liked Clarendon as there were illustrations in his book.

He was an antiquarian research worker too, and had no end of correspondence with foreign societies. When I say he corresponded, I mean, he wrote letters and got no reply. Like a bat, he haunted houses in ruins, and frequented dilapidated temples. He had a swinish habit of nosing dingy dwellings and moth-eaten libraries. To be brief, he was ever on the alert for tumbling down upon discoveries.

His labours were not long unrewarded. One evening he stumbled against a stone half-hidden under a tamarind tree, with such force as to impair the gravity of his portentous belly somewhat materially. With great fury the pulled out the stone so as to smash it to pieces. What must be his astonishment when he found engraved on the stone in Telugu the term "Alec." He pinched himself twice before he could trust the veracity of his optics. He was a lucky dog to have stumbled upon a discovery. He taxed his brains as to its exact meaning, and suddenly the truth flashed to him. "Alec" was a contraction for Alexander. The stone marked the extreme limit of his conquest. He should have invaded India from the south, from Cape Comorin. Indian History will have to be rewritten in the light of the new theory. Doctor Smith would smart with impotent rage at the dazzling discovery of his Indian rival.

Ragu hugged the stone to his bosom, took it home, washed all the dirt and placed it in his library. He laboured for a year at his task. He wrote 13 volumes by

way of commentary on the inscription and 27 volumes to prove Alexander's invasion of India from the south.

Ragu's success was enormous. He became the cynosure of all eyes. Words of learned length and thundering sound bamboozled the rustics. One young man committed suicide, unable to fathom Ragu's volumes. Another gentleman cut off his eldest son with a shilling as they say, because he dared to doubt the authenticity of the inscription. And a third, a villager, beat his wife to death as she ridiculed Ragu's theories.

Ragu now made up his mind to go on a trip to Madras to astound the metropolis by the revelation of his discovery, and the publication of his forty volumes. Pell-mell ruled the village. It was the first time that an inhabitant of Athur ever visited Madras. Men were busy with Ragu's discovery. Women were loud with the praise of his name. The urchins danced with glee at the prospect of a long holiday.

The appointed day came, an auspicious Friday when Ragu had to start for Madras. It was previously settled that his son should follow him to the metropolis. Gopu was a chip of the old block. He inherited all his father's ill-nature without his cane, and all his haughtiness without his spectacles. The clock chimed eight. "You dirty pig! Get up and make ready for the journey," shouted Ragu, finding his son still asleep. His efforts proving of no avail, he brought Gopu to animation by a compression of a portion of his leg between his finger and thumb. He then, proceeded to put himself into his clothes and his clothes into his suit-case.

Gopu was ordered to bring the horse and the cart from the backyard. It was a remarkable quadruped displaying a clean symmetry of bones. At first the animal performed some acrobatic feats and spun round and round the street in a transport of frenzy. It was doubtful, which drew the occupants, the cart or the horse. After some sundry attentions from the whip, it pulled forward. Off went the vehicle; Hurrah shouted the boys; Crack sounded the whip.

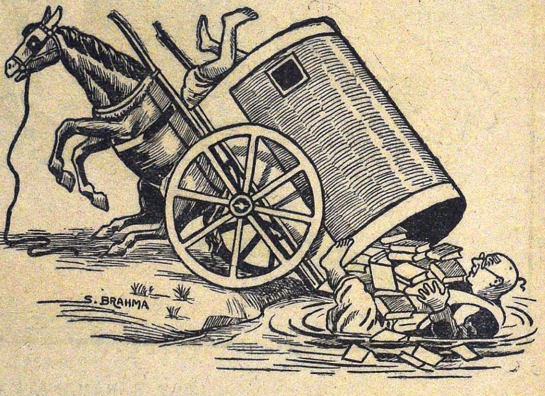
For the first four miles, everything went smooth. He had yet a mile to traverse for the nearest Railway Station, when the horse began to play strange tricks. Whether the quadruped in an ebullition of natural playfulness, was desirous of having an innocent recreation with Ragu, or whether it occurred to him that he could perform the journey as much to his own satisfaction without a driver, are points upon which we can arrive at no definite conclusion. But one thing is certain, that the animal dashed forward, overturning the vehicle and emptying the contents (Ragu, Gopu, the stone and forty volumes) into a dirty pond. Ragu pulled himself out with great difficulty and flashed an indignant look at the offender, concentrated into a focus by means of his lens, that his spectacles were in some danger of being melted down. Having satisfied himself carefully that his heart was in no way permanently damaged, he proceeded to recover his precious articles—the forty volumes smelling of the ditch-water and the ditch-water smelling of the forty volumes.

A bullock-cart driver on his way to the Railway Station picked up the unhappy school-master and conveyed him safe to the platform.

Pandemonium prevailed at the booking office. Ragu ordered his son to take care of the luggage and elbowed his way through the crowd. Having discovered an opening in the hurly-burly, he pushed his hand through the hole to get a ticket, flattening his nose against a by-stander and balancing himself on each of the toe of a hospitable neighbour. With much ado, he escaped out of the purgatory with a scratched face and tattered garments, the usefulness of his spectacles materially impaired.

The train steamed into the platform. Ragu squeezed himself by exercising the power of contraction. He blessed himself for his elasticity and his digestive organ for its adaptability.

Ragu got down at Egmore, hungry as a wolf. "Do you like drinking tea?" he asked Gopu. "I like eating much better," replied the boy. They marched into a restaurant like a temple bull in a china shop. Gopu applied himself to a plate of fruit salad. The attraction of the premier city. Ragu swallowed a dozen iddlies and a tumbler of tea, without so much as winking, a feat which gladdened the heart of the proprietor of the hotel.



.....emptying ihe contents.

With the help of an influential friend in Madras, Ragu secured an introduction to a member of the Archaelogical Society. The inscription and the forty volumes were submitted for inspection by the Society. Ragu was told that he might return to his village, and that he would be soon acquainted with the results of the Society's examination. A week later, Ragu got the following letter from Madras.

Madras.
7—8—32.

Dear sir,

We regret to say that your volumes contain more sound than sense. The stone is of course as old as creation, but the antiquity of the inscription dates to April 1932 A. D. The inscription has been found out to be the scribling of an idle shepherd. Head of the Department.

Sexton Blake.

A HUNTING YARN FROM CEYLON.

BY "JEAN."

A Ceylon hunter was out after big game in the jungles close to Trincomalie. His companion was a tracker, a villager of that district.

Our hunting friend, our Nimrod, was fired with the desire of entering the forest and winning a name and fame for himself as an intrepid hunter because, he often found his European friends indulge in the exciting pastime of Big Game hunting.

Whenever he played tennis with his white friends, or was closed with them in the billiard-room, his sporting friends would talk of their bag.

Capt. Hairbrain, the gallant officer, would tell Sir Percy about how he had bagged wild boars, so many of them, he didn't know what to do with them.

Or, Major Peggly would tell the whole club about how he went out for a pair of bears, because his friend at Home wanted their coats for his Hall; and how he had to face a couple of Stripes of almost record length and send their coats instead of the sartorial ornament of Master Bruin.

Nor was our Nimrod's wife happy with a partner that did not do as the White Shikari Saheb did.

"Be a Sportsman dear," our Nimrod's wife would often say, and the only end would be Shilling Shockers or six-penny novels.

So, poor fellow, he had no choice.

He went to his good old friend, the Mudaliyar, the official Ruler of the place. He explained the situation. He had to go to the forest partly in imitation of his European friends, and partly for the sake of his partner at home, who wanted to adorn her hall with trophies which her husband had bagged, along with photos of the forest sights where they were bagged.

So, the mighty officer, a good old soul, as full of sympathy as he was full of years, helped him to get a complete outfit of all that a budding Sportsman would—or even would not—need when out hunting. He had procured weapon that would do destruction from a deer to a Dinosaurus.

Fully equipped our friend started forth to startle the wild animals in the woods, and his wife at home, with his daring deeds.

Our sportsman was not an expert at the game, and had come almost to the end of his stock of cartridges by umpteen misfires; there was only one left and the pair were making their way back to the village. Suddenly a crackle was heard in the thickets on either side of the path and before they had time to realise what it could be, they were confronted with a snarling leopard on one side, and a fierce brown bear on the other.

The hunter was terrified. His hair stood up, and a cold sweat trickled down his forehead. His power of speech and action deserted him. He

He aimed at the sword.

stood still and stared into the void between the threatening forms.

The dusky tracker remained placid as the dark forest pool. He realised the danger and formed a way out of it all in a moment. He whipped out his knife and planted it a few feet in front of the hunter and between the animals, with the sharp edge towards him, and said "Sir, shoot at that knife."

The terror-stricken hunter blindly shot at the knife, and his only bullet found its mark; of course the instinct of fear was responsible for it, as I have already mentioned our sportsman was not a very skilled marksman—

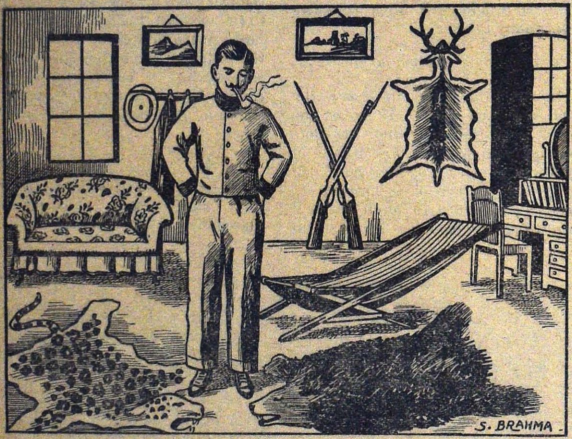
Strange to say a fortnight later our hunter was seen reclining on an easy chair by the warm fireside of his Newera Eliya home, a glass of whiskey in one hand, and his pipe in the other; and on the floor beside him reposed two skins. He looked at them pensively, but not with the apprehension with which he beheld them two weeks before.

The big official came round one day. He peeped in and was heartily welcomed by Nimrod, "Ah, ha, what is this? Two at one blow! Such nice lovely skins too. Man, you have the making of a great hunter in you. Your proper field is th forest. You ought to be among the wild beasts. Very good, my good fellow."

Naturally Mrs. Nimrod was so happy. She gave the old soul a nice drop of whiskey and a cheeroot.

The Club people got to know of it. And man after man, the gallant Captain, the dear Major, the child-like Colonel just on a short visit to his brother, they all came in; they all wondered that for a first visit, our hunting friend should have brought in two fine specimens.

And the wife too.



Gazing proudly upon his conquest.

It was she, the bold woman, who put her husband on the track of these wild beasts and in the path of glory.

"How did you manage it, dear?" asked the wife, because she could not make out how her husband had become such a splendid Sportsman as all that.

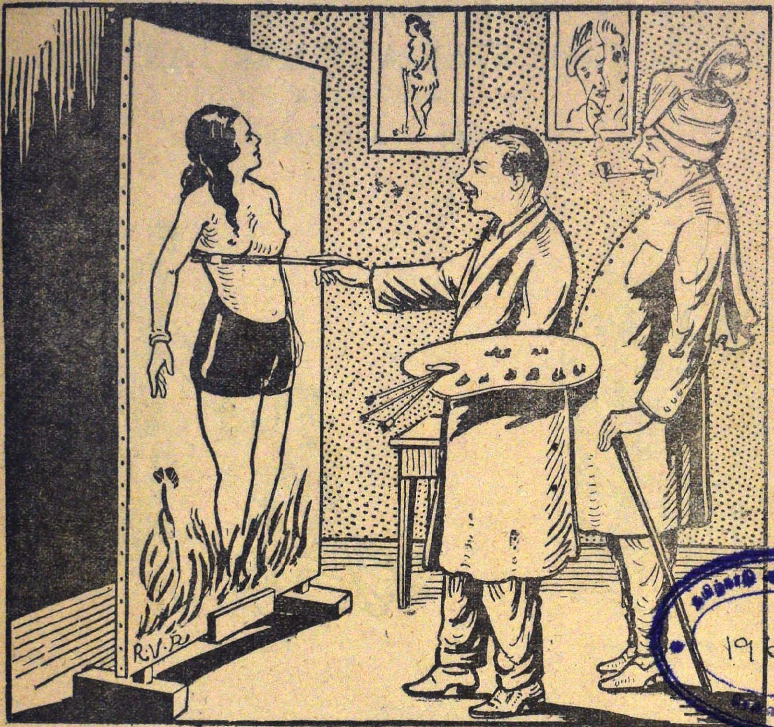
He Simply smiled.

Rustic Bridgeroom (after the wedding breakfast): "Well, thanks for all yer good wishes. I'm startin' married life with a dozen fine heifers and Sarah; if I can't make a do with that lot, I don't deserve to."

The universal brother - hood of Man.

Unlike beast, man has sparks of divinity.
But alas! how blind is human perversity!
All sorts of sorrows, sufferings and calamities
Visit alike all villages, towns and cities;
And death makes no sort of distinction,
Of any caste, colour, creed on nation.
The blood that runs through the Veins of the Chinese
Is as red as that of the warlike Japanese.
Nor is it less red nor yellow
When it blows through the veins
Of an American or a Negro!
But also! man who was created in the image of the Almighty
Blindly refuses to uphold the principles of universal fraternity,
With all his boasted civilization and love for Humanity!
We may disarm all the armed nations
And throw their bayonets in deep oceans.
We may burn all the armouries and arsenals.
But will the world be ever free from war—calamity,
Unless we embrace the principles of universal fraternity?
Daily and no less fervently we may repeat
The "Lord's Prayer" taught by the "Prince of Peace".
But will the world ever attain the Millennium,
Which we daily desire and ardently seek for,
Unless we give up our greed for human gore?
Neither Peace Pacts nor any sort of disarmament
Will ever dispel war clouds from the political firmamant.
Those who ignore universal human brotherhood
Are false to their own conscience and manhood.
The true spirit of universal fraternity,
The sacred doctrine of non-Violence,
These two angels of human prosperity,
Can alone save the world from war and pestilence.

SHAMSHEER AZAD.



Raja Sahib :—"That painting is good ; but I should like the original better."

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In consequence of the drought many vegetarians are now being fed on winter fodder.

* *

A free country seems to be one in which there is no particular individual to blame for the existing tyranny.

* *

A writer asserts that France and England are drawing perceptibly nearer. This should make things easier for the Channel-swimmers.

* *

"Among the Eskimos," writes an Arctic rover, "a wife may be loaned to a friend for a week or a month." We much fear that there is no use in translating modern sex-novels into Eskimo. They would seem quite too Early-Victorian.

"Our boxers are upright men," says a writer. But only for a round or two.

* *

How the Best Champagne is Kept is the title of a new interest film. The question "Why?" is of course still unsolved.

* *

An analyst declares that he has found 3,000,000 germs in a teaspoonful of milk. We are inclined to demand a recount.

* *

"Women will cling tenaciously to short hair," says a fashion-expert. Bald-headed husbands are everywhere congratulating themselves.

* *

One London suburb has experienced seventeen burglaries in a week. It is thought that local cracksmen are holding some sort of Booty Competition.

An octogenarian is said to spend his time sketching on blotting-paper. A very absorbing hobby, we should think.

* *

A French detective now in London dilates on the fondness of Britishers for keeping their hands in their pockets. After all they haven't much else to put there, have they ?

* *

New wireless sets look like grandfather clocks, cocktail bars and book-cases. Some manufactures have gone even further and made wireless sets resembling wireless sets.

* *

It appears that the cigarette celebrates its centenary this year. This will probably raise the question of which came first, the cigarette or the coupon.

"PUNCH"

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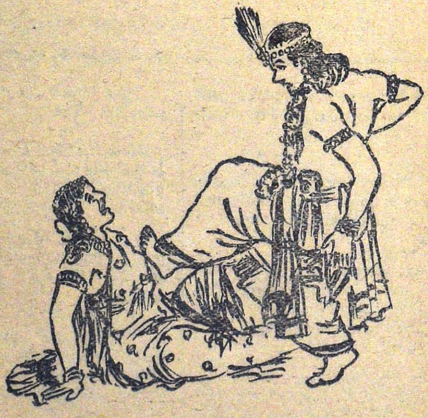
THE STAGE STAR AND HER PARTNER.

On and off the Stage.

She enters with him,

But, far he must go—

She can't part,



Even at the cost of her life;

THE STAGE STAR AND HER PARTNER.

On and off the Stage.

Softness soothes ; he is reconciled to rest ;

They bow,

Off the Stage,

They get home ;

Hero does humble duty.

Humour of Tim Healy

—(:o:)—

TALES OF 'TIGER TIM.'

THE late Mr. Timothy Healy, the first Governor-General of the Irish Free State, was not called "Tiger Tim" for nothing. Both in Court and in the House of Commons he could pounce with devastating effect. He took particular pleasure—so Sir Dunbar Plunket Barton reminds us in "Timothy Healy: Memories and Anecdotes"

On one occasion, when Mr. Parnell was away from the House, Joseph Chamberlain twitted the Irish members with indulging in extravagant antics in the absence of their leader. "When the cat's away the mice play," said Chamberlain. "And what about the rats?" cried Healy, who regarded Joseph Chamberlain and his party as deserters from the Irish cause.

How Many Asses

Another time, during the South African War, Mr. Chamberlain was being heckled by questions intended to suggest that there had been much blundering in the transportation and organization of troops and supplies :—

The Minister met these suggestions by telling the House how many men had been sent out, how many guns, and finally how many horses. At the mention of horses Healy intervened and convulsed the House by asking: "Can the right hon. gentleman say how many asses have been sent out?"

Even Sir william Harcourt, "a Cabinet Minister who towered above his colleagues by his huge stature and domineering personality," was not safe from the impish "Tim" in an Irish debate.

Healy, who had to reply to Harcourt, began his speech as follows: "Mr. Speaker, the speech about Ireland which we have just listened to from the Front Bench of the British House of Commons reminds me of Pope's well-known couplet: 'Where London's column towering to the skies like a tall bully lifts its head—and lies.'" The House was convulsed in laughter, in which Harcourt himself could not refrain from joining.

A Babe in the Wood

In Court he was irrepressible. A yonng forester was giving evidence for the plaintiff in a Chancery action in which Mr. Healy appeared for the defendant :—

Healy's cross-examination was short and amusing, "How old are you?" asked Tim. "Only twenty-two," said the forester. "And how long have you been a forester?" "Only two years," said the witness. Tim sat down, remarking to the judge, "A regular babe in the wood, my lord."

He once appeared for the defence in a breach of promise action brought by a woman of seventy-five against a man who was verging on ninety-five! In order to counterfeit juvenility, the lady entered the witness-box clad in girlish costume, while her features were swathed in yards and yards of muslin, which she wore as a veil attached to a very large picture hat. In her examination-in-chief her sobbing voice could be faintly heard from behind these gauzy clouds. At last Tim stood up to cross-examine her, "Madam," said he, "will you remove the yashmak?" "I do not understand you, sir," she said. "Will you discocoon yourself, madam?" said he. The plaintiff's case from that moment gradually died away in laughter.

On one occasion, says Sir Plunket Barton, when Mr. Healy was arguing a case before Baron Dowse, the judge interrupted him with the question, "Do you go to sleep with your books, Mr. Healy?" "No, my lord," replied Tim, "for Blackstone declares that the law is a lady that loveth to lie alone."

What He Was Going to Say

Baron Dowse was himself a famous wit of his time. When he was Solicitor-General for Ireland a serious accusation was made against him by another parliamentary wit named Bernal Osborne. Finding he had made a mistake, Osborne was driven to admit himself to be in the wrong. "I find, Mr. Speaker," he said, "that I must withdraw what I said against the Irish Solicitor-General." Dowse at once rose and said, "Mr. Speaker, as the right honourable gentleman has found it necessary to withdraw what he has said against me, I have much pleasure in withdrawing what I was going to say against him."

When Richard Adams, a popular K. C. became County Court Judge of Limerick, he soon made his court a popular resort. Once, when Mr. Healy appeared as counsel before him, Judge Adams said :—

"The Court will adjourn for luncheon." As the judge rose he was observed to search his pockets for money, and to exhibit disappointment at finding none. Then he was heard to address Healy: "Mr. Healy, could you be so kind as to lend the Court a bob?"

A kinsman of Mr. Healy, Denis Baylor Sullivan, once defended a woman who was convicted of some seditious offence, and sentenced to six month's imprisonment. Her counsel visited her in jail and tried to console her by the poetic reminder that "Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage." 'Ah, Mr. Sullivan," was the matter-of-fact reply, "they make a very good imitation."

Joke Coming

Mr. Healy, we are told, rarely indulged in gestures when he was speaking, but there was a curious involuntary movement of his right arm which sometimes heralded a joke. I remember a colleague whispering to me while Healy was speaking: "If you watch him you can tell beforehand when he is going to say something funny. He will stand with his hands behind his back until something funny is coming along. Then he will shoot his right hand out, and will stroke the back of his head twice. At the second stroke the joke will drop out automatically."

Sir Plunket watched, and sure enough the gesture came—and the joke.

Sometimes, however, Mr. Healy would stress an argument with some melodramatic trick :—

One one occasion he was defending an action for the pollution of a stream. He was counsel for the defendant,

whose case was that the stream was absolutely pure and undefiled. In his speech Tim suddenly startled the court by saying: "They say the water is polluted. My lords look at it. There is a sample." He then drew a bottle from his pocket uncorked it, and drank it, adding, with great solemnity, "the first drink of water I have had for many a year."

"Silk" and "Lawn"

He was one of the few lawyers of his day to wear the silk gown of a King's Counsel both in England and in Ireland. Eleven years after he had become an Irish "silk," he met the Lord Chancellor of Great Britain, Lord Loreburn, in the corridors of the House of Commons. "Can I do anything for you, Healy?" said the Lord Chancellor, who, as Sir Robert Reid, had known him well in Parliament. "Well," said Healy, with a twinkle in his eye, "are there any Bishoprics vacant?" "No," said the Lord Chancellor, laughingly. "Then," said Healy, "since you cannot give me 'lawn' you might give me silk.'" The Lord Chancellor smiled a willing assent.

In 1893 a scuffle occurred in the House which, says Sir Plunket, caused much excitement and comment in America, where it was reported that Mr. Healy's hat had been smashed in the melee:—

Next day he received a telegram from the Mayor and Corporation of the city of Ajexandria, in Louisiana, informing him that the City Fathers had voted him a silk hat to replace the battered one. In due course the silk hat arrived, and Healy wore it on suitable occasions for twenty-five years until he resigned his seat in Parliament in 1918......Many a time and oft did he doff it to the Speaker, and it served as his helmet in more than one hard-fought encounter.

Music in His Ear

Mr. Healy, we are told, did not rely on his tongue as his only weapon of defence:—

Once, when attacked by a violent rowdy, he is said to have drawn a shillelagh and to have knocked down his assailant. He never shrank from facing his foes. To his brother he once wrote, "the hissing of a mob is music in my ear."

For several years he had a small group of followers in Parliament, but a time came when they were all defeated:—

Healy himself fully realized the humorous aspect of this situation. One night he sent the House of Commons into a roar of laughter when—in response to an appeal for a reunion of the Irish party—he declared: "There are, Mr. Speaker, two united Irish parties in this House, and I am one of them."

Parnell's Superstition.

In his young days Mr. Healy acted as an assistant to Parnell, with whom he was later to quarrel. He was amazed to find that the strong, silent Parnell was superstitious:—

Healy has related an incident which happened one night when Parnell was dictating a political document from a sick bed to his secretary. Suddenly the sick man raised himself in the bed and pointed to three candles, by the light of which Healy was writing. Leaning forward he blew out one of them, declaring that he feared that if the document should be written by the light of three candles it might bring disaster to the matter in hand.

Shortly after the publication of his book, "Stolen Waters," Mr. Healy met Lord Ashbourne, then Lord Chancellor of Ireland:—

"I've just read your book, Tim," said Lord Ashbourne. "I can't believe that," said Healy. "Well, I've read part of it at all events," said Ashbourne. "Oh, yes," said Healy, "I quite understand; you looked up the letter 'A' in the index."

Sir Plunket Barton has written a delightful little book about his old friend, whom he calls "as disinterested as Don Quixote, as piratical as Paul Jones, as sardonic as Dean Swift, and as daring in combat as Prince Rupert," He was even willing to go to prison for his principles: during those six months, his truly Healyish complaint was that he had "nothing to do except to read the newspapers."

J. O. L. WEEKLY.

BEAUTY AT ANY COST

'Madam, if only you had put out your arm and shown me how you were going, you would have saved my car and all this."

"That may be: but you can't expect me to put out my hand in the rain with all my new rings on."

SAYINGS OF CONFUCIUS:

China's Homely Philosopher.

Confucius, was born some eight hundred centuries after the death of Akhenaten, the Egyptian sun-worshipping Pharaoh. During his span of life the battle of Marathon was fought, the Jews returned from their captivity and rebuilt their temple at Jerusalem, Lars Porsena failed to reinstate the Tarquins at Rome, and the early inhabitants of Britain were engaged in raising earthworks with stag horns for picks and the shoulder blades of oxen for shovels.

Confucius believed manners the very crux of social organization. He believed that men by nature were both benevolent and obedient, and if those in authority could only be persuaded to set them good examples of decorum the world would be happy. If those in authority were in doubt as to correct behaviour they had but to look into the past for a hundred perfect patterns.

Confucius was as self-confident as Mussolini or Hitler. "If any ruler would submit to me as his director for twelve months, I should accomplish something considerable, and in three years I should attain the realizations of my hopes......It would be no more difficult a thing to bring the Empire into a state of tranquillity than for a man to look upon the palm of his hand." "It is all a matter," he used to say in his ambiguous manner, "of rectifying names." There is good government "when the prince is prince, and the minister is minister; when the father is father, and the son is son."

Things he would not discuss.

Many of his idiosyncratic habits and methods of thought have been preserved to us by his devoted disciples. In conversation we are told he spoke "minutely and cautiously." There were four subjects that he would never talk about: "Uncanny happenings, feats of strength, rebellions, and ghosts." As a young man he would not shoot at a bird when it was sitting, or catch a fish in a net, because he considered such methods gave the creatures no fair chance of escape. When resting he was careful not to lie as a corpse lies. On seeing a table well provided with provisions he would turn pale. He liked his rice ground small and his meat minced and both dishes served with appropriate sauces. He insisted upon having ginger always on the table. If he sat down with a mourner he he could never eat to repletion. In the presence of the blind he would always stand up.

A disciple once questioned his son about his father, and the young man volunteered this story :—

He (Confucius) was standing alone once when I was passing through the court below with hasty steps, and said to me, "Have you read the Odes?" On my replying "Not yet," he added, "If you do not learn the Odes, you will not be fit to converse with...... Have you read the Rules of Propriety?" At my replying, "Not yet," he added, "Until you have read the Rules of Propriety your character cannot be established."

Reproof for youth.

Perhaps it was in the same courtyard that Yuen Jang offended Confucius by squatting upon his heels in his presence. "In youth not humble as befits a junior, in manhood doing nothing worthy of being handed down, and living on to old age: this is to be a pest.' With this the Master hit him across the shank with his staff."

His son was reproved for showing inordinate sorrow at the death of his mother. It has been suggested that Confucius did not get on very well with his wife, and when we read his considered judgment upon women and their position we can well believe this hearsay :—

Man is the representation of Heaven, and is supreme in all things......Woman yields obedience to the instructions of man......On his account she is subject to the rule of the three obediences. When young, she must obey her father and elder brother; when married she must obey her husband, when her husband is dead she must obey her son ......Women's business is simply the preparation and supplying of wine and food.

Confucius had the highest respect for scholars who pursued wisdom so passionately that they "forgot old age was coming on."

His sayings.

From his sayings it would be possible for anybody to formulate a working philosophy of life. They are as wholesome and easy to digest as Pekin nuts falling out of a Mandarin's silken satchel :—

All men are good at birth, but not many remain so to the end.

A knowledge of propriety is the stem of a man. Without it he has no means of standing firm.

There being instruction, there will be no more distinction of classes.

As we use a glass to examine the forms of things, so must we study antiquity in order to understand the present.

Am I a bitter gourd? Am I to be hung up out of the way of being eaten?

The bird chooses its tree. The tree does not choose the bird.

The superior man is distressed by his want of ability. He is not distressed by man's not knowing him.

What the superior man seeks, is in himself. What the mean man seeks, is in others.

The way of the superior man is threefold, but I am not equal to it. Virtuous, he is free from anxieties; wise, he is free from perplexities; bold, he is free from fear.

On one occasion, somebody asked him, "What do you say concerning the principle that injury should be recompensed with kindness?" he answered with shrewd good sense, "With what then will you recompense kindness? Recompense injury with justice, and recompense kindness with kindness." Tsze-Kung once asked him: "Is there one word which may serve as a rule of practice for all one's life?" The Master said: "Is not *Reciprocity* such a word? What you do not want done to yourself do not do to others."

Ancestor-worship.

From the earliest dawn of history ancestor-worship has been a universal practice in China. When, however, one of his disciples ventured to ask him for a word of guidance in serving the departed, he was answered with

the following evasion: "Until you are able to serve men, how can you expect to serve their spirits?" When he was asked point-blank whether or not men had knowledge after death he answered: You need not wish to know whether the dead have knowledge or not. There is no present urgency about this question. Hereafter you will know it for yourself."

There exists an ancient legend in China that when a sage mounts the throne and right principles are followed throughout the land, a bird like the phœnix, called the Fung Bird, will appear. This bird, so we are assured, was heard singing in the time of King Wan.

The dancing girls.

Confucius may well have regarded his own life as a failure. The only prince who had given him power had betrayed him for the sake of beautiful women. At the age of fifty, when he "knew the decrees of Heaven," he was raised from being the head magistrate of the city of Chung-tu to being the chief administrator of his native state. His enlightened measures soon made the State of Lu dangerously strong, and a neighbouring marquise devised the cunning plan of sending eighty dancing girls of easy virtue as a gift to the sage's prince. All State affairs were immediately neglected, and Confucius could do nothing but leave in disgust.

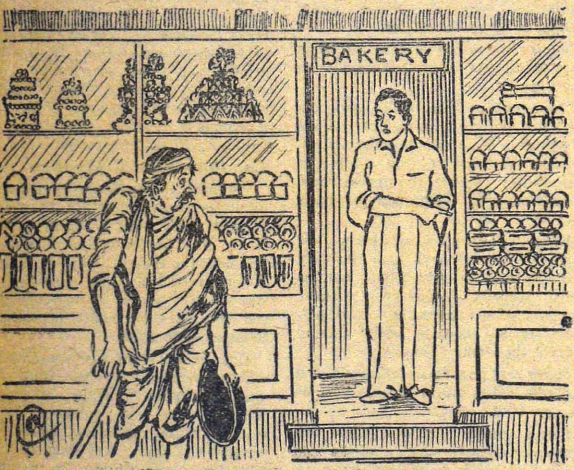
In another state, the State of Wei, the marquise was married to a notorious Chinese Jezebel named Nan-tsze, and it pleased him to have Confucius riding behind himself and his painted lady. Presently the populace began to note this and to chaff the seer, shouting till the pagodas echoed. "Lust in front, virtue, behind." Once again Confucius felt constrained to go on his travels.

His death.

He lived to the age of seventy-three. The last years of his life were occupied with editing the classical books and with writing the history of his native state. About reforming the world he was no longer sanguine. "It is over!" he cried. "I have not seen one who loves virtue as he loves beauty."

One morning Tsze-Kung, his faithful disciple, waked to hear Confucius about early. He got up and found the sage walking to and fro outside his door, his hands clasped behind his back and with his mulberry staff dragging after him. The old man was mumbling to himself these words: "The great mountain must crumble, the strong beam must break, and the wise man wither away like a plant." After a little he said, "My time has come to die." In seven days he was dead. He offered up no prayers. He was sustained by no hope of life after death. At the same time he betrayed no sign of apprehension. Few could have predicted that this neglected old man was to have more influence upon China than all of her Emperors put together.

HUNGRY PATRIOTISM



Baker: "You like some cakes?"

Beggar: "If they are Indian-made.'

Her Inner Shrine.

(Evening gowns made entirely of glass have made their appearance.)

Long, Millicent, you've striven
The social heights to climb
And to the effort given
Most of your valued time;
Though Rumour hint 'tis rash on
Your part to nurse this passion,
Since, for demands of Fashion,
Your person's past its prime.

Despite your high endeavour,
To your acute distress
Your comely form has never
Lured the Pictorial Press.
At stylish routs and crushes
Reporters spare your blushes;
No kindly Gossip gushes
O'er your distinctive dress.

Yet to the tireless toiler
Fashion will till unbend;
One week inclined to foil her,
The next she proves a friend.
What though the Press be chilly
You've managed willy-nilly
By sticking to it, Milly,
To triumph in the end.

Should local tattle-tittle
Your new creation class
Of obvious cut and brittle,
In silence let it pass;
For, see! you've solved the riddle;
Proved fit as any fiddle
To stand bang in the middle
Of Fashion's very Glass.

"PUNCH."

BUSINESS-LIKE BUSINESSES.

Run For Stolen Goods.

According to a recent statement made in court, over £ 1,000,000 worth of goods is stolen from the docks and railways of this country every year. Most of this property, being in store or in transit, is insured, and insurance companies, in the end, must foot the bill.

Other private property losses are estimated at, roughly, £ 2,500,000 a year, while "long firm" frauds and similar business banditry accounts for another £ 1,500,000.

The Modern "Fence"

Obviously, all this property is not stolen for the fun of it, or held by the thieves for the sake of keeping it. Somehow £ 5,000,000 worth of stolen goods is disposed of in this country every year. Where? How? That is what Lloyd's are going to find out.

They know that to get the receivers is to end the thefts. But that is not so simple as it sounds.

To begin with, the "fence" himself has changed. The type beloved of Edgar Wallace, the greasy old gentleman in a skull cap, sitting enthroned in the back parlour of some grimy little shop or house has almost entirely disappeared.

The few that are left are quite well known to the Yard. They play little or no part in the modern thieves' racket.

The "fence" nowadays runs a highly specialized business, backed by the most up-to-date organization. He is always an apparently reputable trader.

A Midlands receiver who was sentenced recently had for years carried on a business as bankrupt stock and salvage dealer in his town. Besides selling his stuff to local shopkeepers who, no doubt, were entirely unaware of its true source, he also operated two shops on his own behalf in neighbouring towns. He owned lorries, which regularly went far afield to the main cities collecting his "purchases" of stock.

When his books were examined, following on his betrayal by an *employe*, only a small propotion of it could be traced to *bona-fide* origins. It was known that he kept a list of his "collectors," and used codes in his correspondence, which mostly went on by telegram, but all these useful information to the police was missing.

Contrary to the habits of most fences when in trouble, he kept his mouth shut and did not betray his sources of supply.

During all the years of his residence he was known to his fellow citizens as almost a model of rectitude. He was a close friend of one or two of the civic dignitaries, who, of course, knew nothing of his real character.

But for one man like our Midlands fence who gets caught, hundreds go scot free.

Once upon a time, stolen property fell into one or two rigidly defined categories. Plate and jewellery were the chief specialities of the cracksman then, simply because the fences were specialists also. They handled little else.

But nowadays practically every class of goods is stolen, and finds its way into the market again—but not as stolen property. Motor-cars, wireless sets, furs, tinned foodstuffs, tobacco and cigarettes, all find a ready market through the modern fence.

Motor-cars provide an example of the resources and technical organization of the new-style receiver.

It is a known fact that there are scores of garages to which a stolen car can be sent and have its appearance so changed that no police description of it would be of any value. Even its owner would not know it again.

For a long time the police have been on the track of a garage in a South London subrub. It is understood to possess a day and night staff of technicians who can work wonders with a stolen car of suitable value within a few hours.

A stolen car is driven in there, and can emerge a few hours later with a different colour, and sometimes even with a different body and upholstery. From there it is sold through one of the street markets or through a dealer, reaching in the end some honest citizen who would sit uncomfortably in it if he knew its history. And perhaps be stolen again from him.

Half a Million words—Mr Lloyd George, whose "War Memories" (Vol. 1) has created a sensation, will have written over 500,000 words by the time volume three is completed; usually writes in pencil, in bed, between five and eight in the morning; owes much to his two typists, the only people who can decipher his manuscript When even they fail, "L.G." has to rewrite the paragraph, for he cannot read his own pencil handwriting.

Extravagance—Mr. Bernard Shaw has just given to Miss Christina Foyle, of literary luncheon fame, advice that I have given to her several times. Now, perhaps, she'll listen! In reply to her request that he should take the chair at the H. G. Wells luncheon, G. B. S wrote: "Never waste two celebrities on one lecture. If you can get Wells and Shaw, get a lecture a piece out of them, with a couple of tongue-tied nobodies as chairmen. What you propose is a criminal extravagance to which I will not be a party."

London's First Cigarettes

Although the centenary of the cigarette was observed quietly last year, it is really only seventy years since a Greek, Mr. Theodoridi, opened London's first cigarette shop in Leicester Square. He employed four table workers who turned out cigarettes in the window of the shop, and the practice of smoking them began to grow.

Cigar manufacturers protested against what they called a "vulgar habit," but when the Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward, was observed to be smoking these cigarettes, society followed his example, and English-made cigarettes began to be known and bought all over the world. They were however, still only within the means of the well-to-do.

Then came Viginian tobacco. A machine was invented which enabled them to be produced in thousands instead of tens, and cigarettes became cheap.

It is computed to-day that half of our population of 44,500,000 people smoke 45,898,902,400 cigarettes a year which means rather more than 1,000 cigarettes for every man, woman and child. Of that vast total, women smoke 4,000,000,000. In 1930 the tobacco used in making cigarettes in this country weighed 119,528,600 pounds.

BRIGHTER BITS FOR LIGHTER HOURS.

"So you're an actor," said the stout man in the corner seat. "Well, I'm a banker. Would you believe it, I've not been in a theatre for ten years?"

"That's nothing." said the other, breezily. "I haven't been near a bank for twenty years."

* *

"Have you ever had a lesson by correspondence?"

"Rather—I never write to women now."

* *

Teacher: "Now, Robert, what are you doing—learning something?"

Robert: "No, sir; I'm listening to you."

* *

An old Negro was asked what breed of chickens he considered the best. "All kinds has dere merits," he replied. "De white am de easiest to find, but de black am de easiest to conceal."

* *

"I never worry about my *fiance* paying attention to other women—he's crazy about me."

"That may be so, my dear, but he may have sane intervals."

* *

Manager (sarcastically): "I notice there were 35,000 people present on the afternoon that your grandmother was buried."

Office Boy (rising to the occasion): "I couldn't swear to that, sir, but grandma was always very popular!"

* *

A countryman using a London telephone box could not make himself understood. The operator kept telling him to shout louder.

"If I could shout any louder," he roared in exasperation, "I shouldn't be using your rotten old machine at all."

* *

"That suit you're wearing is certainly a credit to your tailor."

"Debit, old man, debit."

"Father, what is a retaining fee?" asked the small boy.

"A retaining fee," replied his father, "is a sum of money paid to a lawyer before he will undertake to do any work for a client."

"Oh, I see," replied the boy, "like putting a shilling in the meter before you get any gas."

* *

The young naval officer was showing the pretty flapper over the ship.

"Awfully interesting," she said. "And tell me, do you close the port-holes when the tide rises?"

* *

Two business men were discussing an addition to the board of directors.

"He has a handle to his name," remarked one.

"Well," returned the other, "he always was a bit of a mug."

* *

A visitor to a lunatic asylum was approached by an inmate, who begged that his case might be laid before a magistrate and his release obtained.

The visitor promised to take the necessary steps immediately.

"You won't forget?" said the lunatic.

"Oh, no."

"You're sure you won't forget?"

"Certainly not."

As the visitor turned to go, he received a kick that landed him in a heap a few feet away.

"That," said the lunatic, "is in case you should forget."

* *

A teacher was running over a number of common phrases to make sure that his pupils understood their meaning.

"Now," he said, "what do you understand when we say that a man has been working like a nigger all day?"

"Please, sir," replied a small boy. "he was so busy that he hadn't even time to wash his face."

Asked what he knew about Solomon, the youngest boy in the school said: "He was very fond of animals."

When pressed for an explanation, he replied "Because he had three hundred porcupines."

* *

The traveller had held the floor for two hours, boasting about his exploits.

"There," he said, "was I, nearing the edge of the cliff, moving at a terrific rate. The brakes refused to act. Nothing before me but death. What could I do? What would you have done?"

"Tried to wake up," said the little man in the corner.

* *

Teacher: "James, why do we call English our mother tongue?"

James: "Because father doesn't get much time to use it."

* *

Teacher:—How many teeth will every person have?

Ramu:—Boys and girls 30, Fathers and mothers 32. Grand pa's and grand ma's four or none.

* *

Mr. Rao:—Well, Shastrigal! What is your opinion on the subject of awarding full freedom to women?

Mr. Shastrigal:—My opinion is that we should give them freedom when every one of us has been declared to have passed the I. C. S. examination.

Mr. Rao:— I. C. S?

Mr. Shastrigal:—Yes, Indian Cooking Service!

* *

Teacher:—Where is Bombay?

Boy:—On the map, Sir!

* *

Tom:—Why do you say your wife is an artist?

Tea:—I want to deposit, but she wants to draw.

* *

I live in my own house; but its upkeep worries me, complains one. Dont mind it, let it.

* *

The Nazi decree that film-stars' names shall not be billed in large letters is regarded as the latest move in the rivalry between Herr Hitler and Mr. Charles Chaplin.

READY HELPERS.

A heath fire! Not a doubt of it. Happening to glance up from my book I saw out of the window a wisp of smoke followed by a little burst of flame, about two hundred yards down the hill. If I had been on the spot I could probably have stamped it out, but before I could run the distance it would, and did, spread thirty yards.

So I ran to the telephone instead, and asked for the Forest Commissioner's Office as quick as they could, please. There was no reply from the Forest Commissioner's Office. Very well, then, the Police.

A magnificent example of stolid constabulary voice replied—a voice that could quell any fire just by saying to it. "Lie down there."

"Officer" (one couldn't give a voice like that a lower rank)—"Officer, there is a fire starting here at Furzy Hill—travelling rapidly in the direction of this cottage as a matter of fact. How can I get the fire-beaters?"

"Ah! A big fire you say?"

„ Yes. How can I get hold of beaters?"

"Close to Furzy Hill, you say?"

"Yes. Getting closer. How can I——"

"Well, y' see, Madam, the Forest Office is closed now. Saturday afternoon, y' see."

I did see, but at the same time did want some beaters.

"Ah! beaters. Well, Madam, I expect they' d all be out at Didham and Botley. There are big fires there, they say."

"Indeed. I'm sorry for that. *But what do I do to get my own fire out?*"

"Ah.........Well, I tell you what, Madam. I know they've a cricket-match down at Framley. Maybe if you phoned Framley Police Station you might——I'm not saying you would, but you might——"

"Splendid! Thanks so much......... Exchange......Framley Police Station please......Hello!"

Another fine vocal organ of the Force answered me. Make a gramaphone record of it and an American would buy dozens.

"Ullo!"

"Officer" (I'd formd the habit by now), "there's a big fire up here at Furzy Hill. Can you help?"

"Furzy Hill Is there now? I see some smoke that way and I says to myself. "Ullo,' I says, 'I wouldn't be surprised if that wasn't Furzy Hill.'"

"Well, it is."

"Ah, that would be a bad place—on that hill with all this wind."

"Yes, quite. Look here—I'm told you have a cricket-match going on."

"That's right. Saturday afternoon, y'see.

I knew that.

"If I sent a car down for them do you think you could get any of them to come and help?"

"Well.........I dunno abut that, Madam; y' see they' re all in white flannels, that's the thing."

"But they could send their white flannels to the wash afterwards, perhaps?"

"Ah! P'raps they might."

"Well, if I'm down at Framley in five minutes——"

"But then, y' know, I haven't the authority to ask' em to go. Y'see, it's along of the pay."

"The pay?"

"Yes. They gets paid by the hour for fire-beating by the Forest Commissioners."

"Well?"

"But the Forest Commissioners is closed; y' see it's Saturday afternoon."

Not being Hitler I left it at that and went to have another look at our fire, which was now about a hundred yards away. Together with two maids and two stray and strange men (I don't know who they were, but my blessings on them) we tried to keep off the grim monster that crackled, hissed, and rudely belched smoke all over us.

We soused the gorse in front of it and soused the bushes in our garden. We soused the ground and half the time we soused each other. And when the fire was thirty yards away the wind changed.

But anyway we were not without the satisfaction of a gallery. About twenty-five cars, lured from the main road by the pretty flames, and varying from a Rolls to Baby goodness-knows-what, were drawn up at a good vantage-point from where their occupants, with the concentration of a first-class football crowd, could watch the sousing party at work. And I'm willing to wager that most of them were saying to each other—

"It *will* be a shame if they can't stop the fire before it reaches that dear little cottage."

"PUNCH."

A Parade

BY P. S. R.

Yes, Marlene's thigh
    Is grand but high;
Great Garbo's nose
    You'll laugh at close;
Norma Shearer
    Would she's nearer;
Ell'ssa Landi
    She's a candy;
Costly Connie
    You'll call barny;
Behold Charlie
    Looking worsely;
Laur'l and Hardy
    Barren and tardy;
Frozen Keaton
    Looks much eaten;
And Harold Lloyd
    Prankish and void;
Frederick March
    Winsome but starch;
Gonty Lionel
    Wrapped in flannel;
Fair brother John
    Profile stiff drawn;
That's a huge host
    To whom I toast.

I have waited for twenty years in the same restaurant, moans one. Keep on, you will be served soon.

* *

Necessity is the mother of invention: but she is a mother that spoils her child by too much indulgence.

"SOOT! SOOT!"

AN EXTRAVAGANZA.

By "Pay"

"Ram" — "Ram"? "Bora!" — roared fat Delawar Khan. It was five minutes to eleven! A car was waiting before his big mansion. Fat Delawar Khan had neatly dressed for his office—yet he had not completed his toilet. He was an old man with a silvery glistening beard. He could conceal the grey strings of his head, but not the beard, that magnetic beard which was more useful than his brains, for his office work. Who will obey him if his beard is silvery white?

At last a servant came in trembling.

"You rascal! "thundered Delawar Khan, " What were you doing all this time. Where have you kept my soot? Search—why are you standing there like a devil :... Go on—"

', Soot? Saheb—" faltered Ram,

" I can't understand—".

" What! — " screeched Delawar Khan in rage.

" Having served me ten years, not know soot—My hair-dye!—You lazy brute."

Ram began his search! Drawers were taken out, clothes thrown out, every nook and corner of the room searched;—but not the least sign of the bottle! Bora arrived panting.

" Where had *you* been? Did you leave Kasim safe at school? Find my soot? My soot......Hair-dye" roared Delawar Khan.

" Saheb—Salaam—" faltered Bora " I did not know. Young Saheb has taken your hair dye. Saheb......he had no ink bottle—"

" What!" gasped fat Delawar Khan "Kasim taken my soot! — Good heavens! Delawar Khan sank into his chair and thought.—

" Suggest any thing—you muddle headed idiot—It is already late—" he cried.

" Saheb,......" suggested Ram "I have a plan......! Burn an oil lamp under your beard! I think......"

" Excellent!" fat Delawar Khan was up " I knew you would find something—good boy—hurry up."

All was bustle. In a minute an old oil lamp with gingely oil and an old cotton-wick was brought: Delawar Khan began his operations before a mirror. A few seconds passed. Suddenly Bora and Ram ran! Both fell on fat Delawar Khan—blew and knocked the lamp from his hand! The lamp fell!

The oil passing through his bag-like trousers touched his smooth skin underneath! Fat Delawar Khan was stunned! He became furious and began to beat his assassins right and left! Ram and Bora ran to the corners.

" What the hell......" he thundered.

" You have spoiled my dress! Are you mad. You imbeciles......I—"

" Salaam—Saheb......" both trembled.

" You have burnt your beard! We were watching from......"

" What! burnt my beard" cried Delawar Khan. "How did—"

" Yes. Saheb" interupted Ram. " Can you not find the smell—and look in the mirror "

Delawar Khan sniffed. A bad smell of burnt old shoe entered his gaping nose! He gasped! It was the truth! He looked in the mirror. Half of his most valuable beard was burnt!

" Perhaps, I will have to take leave to-day" he groaned.

Little Girl: "Must I always do only what I want to do?"

Grand Father: "Yes. That is why your mother sends you to a psychological school."

Little Girl: "Will I had much sooner do something else."

The old fashioned type of wife is going out, they say. But the modern type is often coming in late.

O! Mu-sick!

In this cultured age
Music is the rage.
Lecturers tell how to play and how just not to sing;

Inspectors e'en are paid
Though taxpayers upbraid—
For music is "inspected" now, like every blessed thing!

There's music in the air,
Music everywhere,
Music on the radio and music on the brain;

From the house next door
Fearsome noises power;
Peace is butchered ev'ry night and harmony is slain!

E'en the babe in arms
Knows of music's charms,
Knows of "nasal resonance" and such-like jolly things;

Knows, indeed, enough
Mother to rebuff
When a gentle lullaby in faulty style she sings!

Difference between Clerk and Manager.

"A clerk is a man who knows a great deal about very little, and who goes on knowing more and more about less and less, until finally he knows everything about practically nothing.

"A manager is a man who knows very little about a great deal and who goes on knowing less and less about more and more until finally he knows nothing about practically everything."

* *

Postman: "Here is a letter for you, Pat; with a black border, too!"

Pat: "Alas! my poor brother's dead."

"How do you know? You haven't read it yet."

"No, but I know his handwriting."

* *

The angler had just landed a catch when the inquisitive woman chanced to be passing.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "that poor little fish!"

The angler replied; "Well, Madam, if he'd kept his mouth shut he would not have got into trouble!"

A New Old Fraud.

One of the meanest forms of trickery is being worked by a man who is finding victims in country areas.

Recently an unemployed man living at Penshurst, Kent, advertised for a post as head gardener.

Two days later he received a telegram supposedly from a Mr. Barker, of Aylesbury, Buckinghamshire, whose secretary, it was said, would call on Saturday.

On that day a man, giving the name of Miller, called at the gardner's home at Penshurst, Kent, saying that he had come from "Colonel Barker." He described the gardener's duties, and stated that the wages would be £3 5s. a week.

He said good-bye, but came back a few minutes later saying that he had lost the last coach, and unfortunately he had only eight shillings upon him.

Assured as he thought of a good job, the unemployed gardener agreed to lend the "secretary" 25s. for railway fares, which sum was to be repaid by cheque.

The cheque, of course, never came.

Reference to Colonel Barker at Aylesbury showed that he did not know Miller, neither did he possess a secretary.

In other words, Miller had obtained 25s. by the meanest of tricks.

Beauty of Brinjals.

Nawab Sahib: Well Minister, as you desired, I took to vegetables. Brinjals-they are excellent, sweet and delicious of all the vegetables.

Minister: Brinjals are the king of vegetables, that is why there is the diadem; something like a crown on their heads.

Nawab Sahib: Of course, you are right. But they increase the heat in the body.

Minister: That is why God has driven a nail on their head.

* *

Boss; What is your Father?

Applicant: My father is a collector.

Boss: Ello! Either Deputy or sub-collector.

Applicant: No! No! Only a bill-collector.

AMERICAN vs. INDIAN.

A CHAT

American: Hallo! Hindu! What brought you here?

Ihdian: Yes, Sir, I came to see your country.

American: Well, what's new about this country?

Indian: Why; Everything is new, sir.

American: What do you mean? I don't see anything so. Tell me, please, what you think new here.

Indian; The new thing, sir, is that this country is full of black ants and they all get into their holes as quick as they appear on the surface.

American: I don't understand you, my man, you mean the niggers.

Indian: No, sir, I mean you all.

American: You are really "FUNNY" What makes you think us all so.

Indian: Why, sir, you are all clad in black clothes and get into underground to catch your trains in such a hurry. I think you are all ants in that respect.

American: Yes, we are busy life ants, but I don't know if we are black as you say in colour.

Indian: No, sir, you are only clad so. That colour question I will take it up later on. Excuse me.

Nom de plume—"TRAVELLER."

* *

1. Do you like to become a good Salesman?
2. Do you like to become a good Business organiser?
3. Do you like to become efficient Officer Manager?
4. Do you like to become an Impartial Judge?
5. Do you like to become a famous Physician?
6. Do you like to be called a perfect Gentleman?
7. Do you like to become a Saint?
8. Do you like to become a Public benefactor?
9. Do you like to become a perfect protector of all your dependents?

Try
PATIENCE, PERSEVERANCE, POLITENESS
and learn them
from INSURANCE AGENTS,
That is the only source.

THE WITTY SAINT

How he was paid for his wit

BY P. V. K. KRISHNAN.

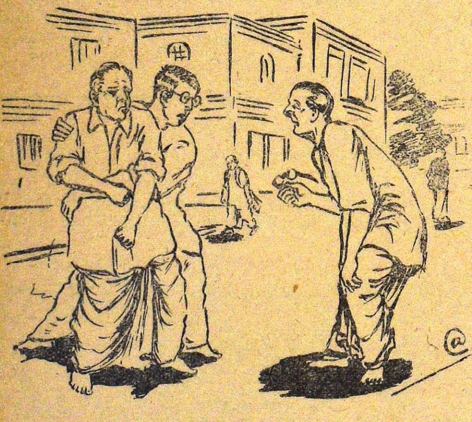
The following is a funny vernacular story, and I have translated it into English. As for the source of the story I do not remember it.

Once a witty Saint came to a village. He was invited every day for *Bhiksha* (food) by one of the villagers. Being witty, wherever he went, he made the husband and wife quarrel and saw it with amusement. There is one interesting handiwork of his, which, though funny, ended in the Saint's running away from the place.

Once he was invited by a gentleman to his house for *Bhiksha*. Naturally, the husband went to the Saint's abode to invite him. The Saint accepted the invitation and told him, according to his custom, that his wife was a bitch in the previous birth, and for proof he could see her licking him with her tongue that night. The man determined to keep awake during night to put the Saint's skill to test. They both went to the gentleman's house. The man, seeing there were no leaves for dinner set out to the market for purchasing them. Being left alone with the lady of the house, the saint told her that her husband was a salt merchant in the previous birth and she could verify by licking him with her tongue that night. She also consented to act accordingly. The husband returned, and they all had their meal.

At night when the husband and wife were lying together both of them kept awake to try their experiments. At about midnight the wife, thinking her husband was asleep licked him with her tongue. Naturally, she felt his body saltish. The enraged husband who was not asleep, began to abuse her by calling 'you, bitch,' and the wife by calling him 'you, salt merchant.' The quarrel ensued for a time; and the saint hearing this noise awoke and came to see what it was. On seeing the husband and wife quarrel, he quietly slipped away from the place. On the succeeding day they recognized that it was the Saint who played this trick upon them. They complained to the villagers of the Saint's action, and the villagers went in a crowd to the Saint's abode and after giving him sufficient beating drove him away from there.

His Dilemma



"Hit him, grandpa; I have caught him."

"I can't hit him with my glasses on; but, if I remove them, I can't see his face."

"Then, take a good look, and aim your blow."

The local council were debating the question of building a new canal bridge in place of their ancient structure.

The local builder, a member of the council, rose to support the scheme. He pointed to his chief opponent, "Our bridge is so small," he roared, "that I could throw that man half way over it."

The chairman rose angrily. "You are out of order," he said.

"Yes," returned the builder, "I admit I ain' t feeling well, or I could chuck him clean over."

* *

"No you can't see Mr. Smith," snapped the sharp-faced woman to the election canvasser at the door.

"But Madam," expostulated the canvasser, "I merely wish to find out to which party he belongs."

"Well take a good look at me. I'm the party he belongs to."

* *

The plumber was repairing the kitchen sink. He had spent the entire morning on the work, or rather in conversation with the cook. He evidently created a good impression, for when he packed up tools she said: "Thursday is my after-noon off. We might take a stroll through the wood, and continue our talk."

"What!" exclaimed the plumber, "In my own time!"

RESULTS OF JUMBLED WORDS COMPETITION OF 5-10-33.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF JUMBLED WORDS COMPETITION.

1. CLOCK.
2. CALCUTTA.
3. SIVA.
4. MYSORE.
5. MOTOR CAR.
7. VINA.
8. PAGODA.
9. HAT.
10. BENCH.

(6.) HAS BEEN OMITTED.

The first Prize of Rs. 50 has been won by :—

1. **Mr. K. Venkatraman, Headmaster, Board Hindu Boys School, Nellikuppam.**
2. **Mr. L. B. Gopalan, 1406, Big Bhalu Street, Tanjore.**
3. **Mr. S. Subramania Aiyer, 85, Vasantharaya Pillai St., Teppakulam Trichy.**

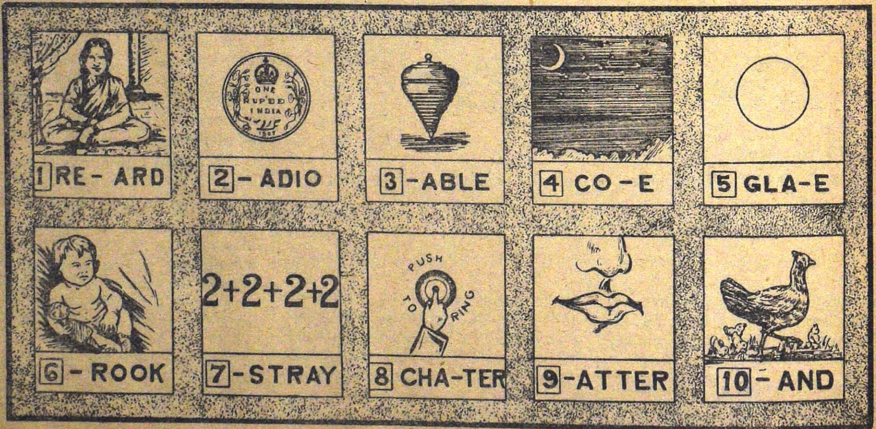
The Second Prize cf Rs. 50, has been won by the following competitors :—

1 & 2. Jayalakshmi c/o. The Agent, Vizayanagaram Palace, Coonoor, Nilgiris. 3. M. L. Laxmidevi c/o. M. Achappa, Mirle House, Sivarampet, Mysore. 4. John Aseer, Parade View, Ootacamund. 5. A. M. Malkan Achanakal, Ketti P. O. Nilgiris. 6. S. Velayutham Pillai. Gibsonpuram St, Melur Tuticorin. 7. R. Ramakrishnan c/o. The Sanskrit Pandit, Cauvery Lane, Bhavani P. O. 8. K. Rajagopal, 7, Central Market Lane, Madura. 9. H. Subramany Iyer c/o. H. Srinivasa Iyer, High Court Vakil, Puthenchanthai, Trivandrum. 10. S. Appalasamy, Back car main Road, Vizagapatam. 11. K. Sreenivasa Rao, Head Master, Board Elementary School, Pannimadai Vellakkinar Post. 12. D. Maria Louis Udamalpet. 13, 14, 15 & 16. A. Narayanan Proprietor, S. Moorthy & Co., Salem. 17. V. Sukavanam, 120 II Agraharam Salem Town. 18. J Ramachandran VI C. National High School, Negapatam. 19. S. Rangaswamy, II class, Arts College, Trivandrum. 20, 21, 22 & 23. L. B. Gopalan, Big Bhalu St, Tanjore. 24. G. Ganesan. No. 1325, South Rampart, Tanjore. 25. P. Balakrishna Doss, Sheds & cells, Government General Hospital, Madras. 26. C. A. Jesudasson, Physics Lab. Asst. Loyola College, Cathedral Post, Madras. 27. S. Ramamoorthy, Clerk, Construction Audit, S. I. Ry., Trichinopoly. 28. A. V. Lingam, No. 4, Narayanasami Pillai Lane, Kalla St. Fort. Trichinopoly. 29. T. G. Narayanasamy Rao, 74, Guzili St., Trichinopoly. 30. V. Ramiah, Swan East Lane, Nagore. 31. T. V. Selvaraj, 319, Mint St, Madras. 32. K. Venkatraman, Headmaster, Board Hindu Boys School, Nellikuppam.

New Readers Also can Start Now.

The First set of Singles has been reprinted for the sake of those who have missed our copy last time. New readers can start now by sending the First set solutions on a plain paper with 1½ annas stamps to the value of the coupon along with the three other coupons. For other particulars see our competition page. As an example No. 11 of the 2nd set has been worked out in the next page.

First set of Singles.



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Rs. 300

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FIRST PRIZE Rs. 200 **SECOND PRIZE Rs. 100**

NO ENTRANCE FEE

In this issue we print the Second set of Singles. For the sake of the new readers first set has been reprinted in the opposite page. Two more different sets appearing in the succeeding issues of FUNNY Magzin dated 20th November and 5th December, complete the series of 'Singles.'

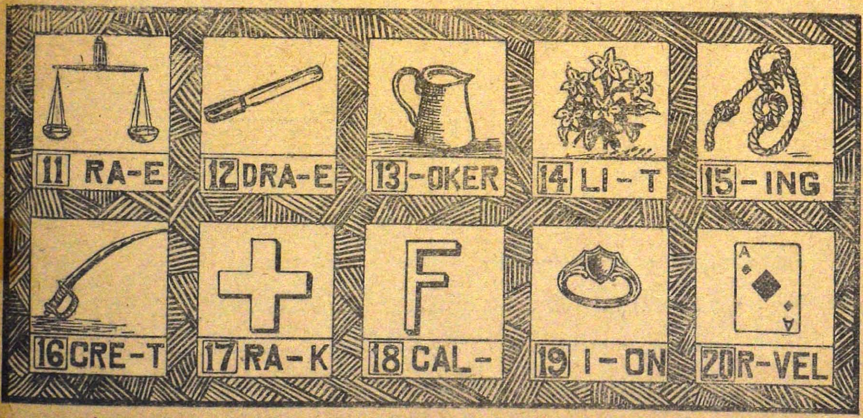
HOW TO WIN.

In Singles competition you have to find out a Single Letter only to complete the word. That single letter is the First letter of the word illustrated by the picture given above that word. Insert that letter in the vacant places marked by a dash, and the resulting word thus obtained is the solution.

For example look at No. 11 in the set. There is a picture of the Scale. Below it the letters "RA—E" are printed with a dash between A & E. The initial letter of the picture is "S". Placing this letter between R A and E in the place of the dash the word, RASE is obtained. The others will have to be solved in the same manner.

Write the solutions clearly in block letters on the Free Coupon printed in this Issue for the second set only. Keep the Coupon with you and send it after the complete series of 'Singles' has been published fastening the coupons in Series 1, 2, 3 & 4.

SECOND SET OF SINGLES.



(FREE COUPON is in the next page.)

Conditions.

1. There is NO ENTRANCE FEE for this competition. But the solutions must be in the special FREE COUPON printed in this issue Readers may send as many attempts as they like. Additional attempts can be given on a plain paper similarly filled up as the coupon with name and address clearly written. Each additional attempt not given on the Free Coupon should be accompanied by stamps to the value of 1½ annas. Foreign readers must send B. P. O's only to that value. If the solutions on ordinary paper is not accompanied by at least one special coupon they will not be considered.

2. Corrections or alternatives in the same coupon will not be allowed. Entries not fastend together in Series 1, 2, 3 & 4 or received after the closing of the date (25th December 33) will be disqualified.

3. Solutions must be addressed to The Competiton Editor 'SINGLES' FUNNY Magzin Office. No. 6, Lawyer Chinnathambi Mudaly St., Sowcarpet, Madras.

4. Each complete Series will be judged on its own merits. The First Prize will be awarded to the competitor who sends in an all correct solution, that is one which agrees with the solution in the Editor's possession, and the second prize to the next best in merit. In the case of ties the prizes will be equally divided.

5. No correspondence can be entered into. The Editor's decision on all matters relating to this competition is final. The Editor does not hold himself responsible for solutions that may be lost, mislaid or otherwise.

6. Employees of FUNNY Magzin and other office publications are not allowed to compete.

(Cut along the line).

FUNNY MAGZIN FREE COUPON.

SECOND SET OF SINGLES.

11. R A S E.
12. ....
13. ....
14. ....
15. ....
16. ....
17. ....
18. ....
19. ....
20. ....

I agree to abide by the decision of the Editor.

Signature..

Name..

Address..

N. B.—Keep Pictures & coupons in tact until the last set is Published.

ரூ. 1000 ஆயிரம் ரூபாய்

எளிய முறை 'முதலெழுத்து' போட்டிப் பந்தயம்

விடைகாணும் விதம் :—இதில் ஒன்பது படங்கள் இருக்கின்றன. ஒவ்வொரு படத்தையும் குறிக்கும் பதத்தின் முதல் எழுத்தை எடுத்து படத்திற்கு அடியில் கொடுக்கப்பட்டிருக்கும் எழுத்துக்களின் முதலில் சேர்த்தால் அர்த்தமுள்ள முழுப் பதம் கிடைக்கும். உதாரணம் : முதல் படம் காக்கை. முதலெழுத்தாகிய 'கா' உடன் 'ண்டீவம்' சேர்த்தால் 'காண்டீவம்' என்றாகும்.

பிரவேசக் கட்டணம் அணா எட்டு.

1-11-33 'பிரசண்ட விகட'னில் வெளியாயிருக்கும் கூப்பனில்தான் விடைகளை பூர்த்திசெய்து அனுப்பவேண்டும். மற்ற விவரங்களுக்கு 'பிரசண்ட விகடன்' நவம்பர் மாதம் முதல் தேதி வெளியீட்டைப் பார்க்கவும்.

நவம்பர் 'பிரசண்ட விகடன்' பிரதிகளுக்கு ரூபா 100 அதிர்ஷ்டப் பரிசும் உண்டு.

தனிப் பிரதி விலை ஒரு அணாதான்.

பிரதிகள் எல்லா ஏஜெண்டுகளிடமும் கிடைக்கும்.

மானேஜர்.—"பிரசண்ட விகடன்" ஆபீஸ்,

நெ. 6, லாயர் சின்னதம்பி முதலி தெரு, மதராஸ்.

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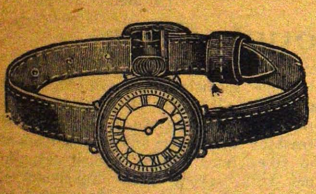

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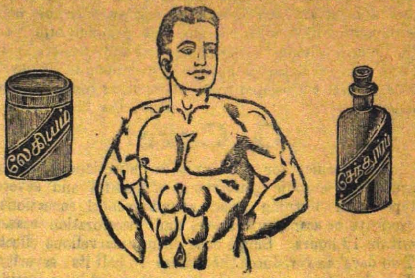

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